

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A MESSAGE FROM THE LONG AGO

NEWS HALF A CENTURY LATE

EXPLORER'S STORY COMES TO LIGHT

Message from an Iceberg Prison in the Arctic

ROMANCE OF THE SEAS

Nearly fifty years ago an exploring party, who were prisoners, came by accident upon new land.

The Arctic winter night having set in they explored it by moonlight, called it Franz Josef Land, after their emperor, and put a message in the sea which now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, has been picked up and brought to light in civilisation. There are few stranger stories in Arctic exploration than that, but the whole voyage referred to in this long-lost message was marvellous and almost incredible.

A Wonderful Find

The expedition was the Austro-Hungarian attempt, begun in 1872 by Lieutenant Weyprecht and his friend Payer, to do some new thing in unknown waters. They set forth in the little 300-ton steamer Tegethoff, with a crew of Germans, Slavs, Italians, and Hungarians, and Captain Olaf Carlsen, a veteran ice-fighter, all determined to follow where fortune should beckon.

Carlsen the year before had had his own romance. While exploring round Nova Zembla he had had the amazing good fortune to find the very house in which old Barentz had lived his valiant but terrible days 257 years before. That was Carlsen's good luck, but now, instead of his finding other men's homes, an iceberg was to find his—and to keep it.

On the night of August 22, 1872, when off the north-west coast of this same Nova Zembla, the ship was steered into an opening in an iceberg. In the night the iceberg took the ship prisoner, and never released it. The ship was frozen in, and never came out.

Ship Dragged by an Iceberg

Yet still it went a-voyaging. The iceberg dragged it to and fro on the strangest journey ever accomplished. The steam in the ship's boilers died down, but the iceberg journeyed on with winds and currents for motive power, dragging the ship with her, a trophy, a helpless symbol of the Dread North's conquest over man.

For two years the little ship was tugged hither and thither with her men on board. North-east she was hauled, then north-west, then due east, north again, next to the west, then in and out and round about till they returned to much the same position as that from which the voyage in captivity had begun, back to Nova Zembla, to start once more for the north.

It was during that unparalleled voyage that the vessel was dragged into the vicinity of land which her helpless crew

Tikka Sahib Hits the Ball



Most Indian princes now receive a Western education in which manly sports play a prominent part. Here we see the young Tikka Sahib, who will one day reign over Patiala, where his father is now Maharajah, learning to play tennis

knew had never been recorded on the map. Fifty-three weeks after the ice had seized the ship she was hauled by her gaoler against these new shores. For a month they were dragged along before they could land, and then the Arctic night had come, relieved only by the Northern Lights, which illuminated the new possession with weird and frightful grandeur.

The party had terrible adventures. Once, as Payer and a companion were out with a dog-team, the snow gave way beneath their feet and then shot into a frightful crevasse. Payer was left above, with dogs, sledge, and the other explorer all hanging to the harness by which he was bound to them. To remain as he was meant a terrible death for all, and so, seeing a ledge forty feet below where the others were hanging, he cut his harness and let sledge, dogs, and man fall.

Then he ran six miles back to camp to fetch relief. He threw off his clothes to lighten his burden, he threw off his

boots, and he completed his run over the ice in his stockings. And he did get relief, for the sledge party, after staring death in the face down in the frozen crevasse for hours, was brought back to safety.

Ultimately, after their ship had been two years in the ice, the party set out in boats, crossed the water back to Nova Zembla, and were there picked up by a Russian vessel. Before quitting the ship they wrote an account of their experiences, recounting the discovery of the new lands they had named. They enclosed the letter in a waterproof parcel, and that message has been floating ever since in the sea, and has now been found and brought home from the Nova Zembla shore by Professor Olaf Holtedahl, a Norwegian explorer.

It comes to light to recall feats of men now dead, from islands they named after an emperor whose very dynasty has vanished and whose last representative, Karl Hapsburg, has just been taken as a prisoner to Madeira. See World Map

GORILLA WHICH GAVE UP ITS LIFE

DIED TO SAVE ITS FELLOWS

Swedish Explorer's Excitement in Africa

SCENE IN THE WILDS

The Swedish National Natural History Museum is mounting the skeleton of a giant gorilla which deserves the V.C. of wild life, if such a distinction there be, for it gave its life for its fellows.

It is impossible to capture adult gorillas; they are too powerful, and if they were captured we could not feed them in our Northern latitudes. So, in order that his countrymen might see what gorillas are like, Prince William of Sweden has been hunting in the natural African haunts of these grim kinsmen of man's old-time ancestors.

The Prince's party secured 14 specimens, the number for which he was given permission by the Belgian Government. He takes those back to Sweden, and to the world he gives one or two new facts concerning these man-like monsters. He tells us that, while the gorilla will fight if it is cornered, it is capable of sacrificing itself to secure the retreat of its family in safety. The experience of this quality came unexpectedly upon the Prince.

A Veteran's Valour

After desperate adventures among the extinct and forest-clad volcanoes of the Mikeno-Karissimbi area, he came upon a gorilla family, all of which fled except one, that stayed to attack; it risked its life in what every soldier would proclaim a rear-guard action, while the remainder of the animals managed to get clear away.

It burst through the bush a few feet from the Prince, and rushed at him in an upright position. Then a heavy bullet ended its course and its career.

On examination this heroic gorilla was found to be a gigantic veteran. Its hair was white with age, and its weight proved to be about 400 pounds, as much as two big men. That hoary veteran laid down its life for its kind, and every student of nature will honour and pity it.

Man-Like Apes in the Wild

It is terribly pathetic that these great, hideous parodies of human beings should be shot. The man-like apes are incredibly human in some of their attributes, in their emotions as well as in their physical proportions. We have only to watch them and their ways in any of the zoological gardens where they are kept to see that this is so.

Prince William's adventures among wild gorillas are thrilling, and they teach us something we did not know before; but to know these strange, terrible creatures, so much like unenlightened savages, makes the shooting of them, except when necessary for safety, seem very near a crime.

BEATING SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES DISARMAMENT GOOD FOR TRADE

The Great Transformation of War Industries

WORK ALREADY BEGUN

By Our Economic Correspondent

In the Great War we changed peace industries into war industries, as if at the touch of a magician's wand.

The great saying about beating swords into ploughshares was reversed in the most literal fashion. We changed trades that help life into trades that cause death.

One of the most successful of the death-dealing implements was Stokes's trench-mortar, and it was invented by—whom do you think? By an armament firm? No. By a gun-maker? No. By a soldier? No. It was invented by an agricultural implement maker.

So a man of peace became a man of war. What we have been trying to do since the Armistice is the reverse process of turning men of war back into men of peace.

Enormous Arsenals

But that is not enough. All the great nations still have enormous arsenals feeding great armies and navies. What for? So that each of the nations which fought in the War to End War should be ready for the next war! Our own national Budget provided £107,000,000 for the Army, £82,000,000 for the Navy, and £18,000,000 for the Air Force, or £207,000,000 in all, although we are at peace. That sum would build beautiful homes for 2,000,000 people.

So, with a great sigh of thankfulness and relief, we hear that America has proposed at the Washington Conference that the great Naval Powers shall take a ten-years' naval holiday and agree to destroy many existing ships.

Will it be very difficult to find new work to take the place of the warship-building and gun-making?

From War to Peace

The truth is that the process of converting an armament firm into a peace firm has actually taken place since the Armistice. The greatest makers of war material in the world were the famous German firm of Krupp, at Essen. Its mighty arsenal made material for the greatest army in the world, but it is now making engines and tractors, machine tools, mining machinery, and so on.

We need not be surprised at this, for, as we have seen, our peace industries during the war had to make, and did make, the change from peace to war, under the guidance of the Ministry of Munitions. A soap-maker actually became a successful shell-maker.

The great British firm of Vickers has, since the Armistice, turned its attention to all sorts of peaceful manufactures, including the making of concrete machinery, wooden goods, sewing machines, and electrical appliances.

Happy Changes

The fact is that work for war and work for peace employ the same trades. Steel may become a battleship or a black-plate, and old battleships when broken up are changed into plates and many other good things. The same sort of lathe may turn an axle for a fighting tank or for a motor lorry. The plant that can make a rifle can also make a sewing-machine. The organisation that can produce a machine-gun can turn out a plough or a reaper or a binder. The workshop that can make aeroplane propellers can produce pianos and gramophones.

And when we make such great and happy changes we do more than employ the same workers: we add useful instead of useless articles to the world's stock.

CROWDS HEAR VOICE ACROSS AMERICA IMMENSE TELEPHONE FEAT

Speech Heard on Shores of Both Oceans

POWER TO SPEAK TO ALL AMERICA

It has not, perhaps, been generally known outside America that the proceedings at the burial of the Unknown Warrior at the Arlington Amphitheatre in Washington marked not only a thrilling episode in American history, but a triumphant step in science.

President Harding's oration, with all the prayers and singing and other music, was carried by telephone and telegraph wires across America and heard on the shores of the Pacific and Atlantic.

In New York an even larger audience than was gathered in Washington listened to the oration and heard everything plainly, while the same thing happened in San Francisco, 2500 miles away on the other side. From one side of America to the other the President's voice rang in clear and rousing tones.

Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and not only were 20,000 miles of wire on a 10,000-mile circuit kept clear for the speech, but linesmen were stationed every 18 miles, and several hundreds of other picked men watched over the wires to see that everything went well.

How it was Done

At Arlington the President stood to the right of the Unknown Warrior, and on the other side of the speaker was a black box about two feet long and a foot wide. This was an amplifier, to magnify the President's voice, and certainly never before has a human voice been so amplified. The words were carried with the utmost distinctness across those thousands of miles, and heard by the great gatherings in New York and San Francisco. Even a slip made by the President, and corrected a moment later, was carried across the country and recorded thousands of miles away.

The experiment was a tremendous success, and it has been proved that, with sufficient equipment, the President could make a speech in Washington, or in any other centre, and could be heard at the same time by every citizen of the United States from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

GRIZZLY CREEPING UP Wild Nature Growing Friendly

As the bears in Yellowstone Park, America's great nature sanctuary in Wyoming, are no longer hunted, they are becoming extraordinarily tame; and in his interesting book "Marvels of the Animal World" (published by Thornton Butterworth at 7s. 6d.) Mr. W. S. Berridge gives some graphic details about these animals and their ways.

Both black bears and grizzlies have become bold and confiding, he says, and do not hesitate to approach quite close to hotels in the park in order to search the rubbish-heaps for food.

Sometimes they even enter the hotels; and it is recorded that a maidservant at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel made a practice of feeding them with lumps of sugar, and that some of the animals would take the sugar out of her hands. A photographer, knowing the habits of the bears, concealed himself in a dustbin and waited for them with his camera.

It is interesting to note the growing friendliness of wild things when men cease to hunt them.

Mr. Berridge's book is crammed with good things, and is splendidly illustrated with about fifty fine photographs. Any lover of animals or birds will find it a storehouse of information.

THE JUST MAN Chief Judge of a Hundred Million People UNIQUE RECORD OF MR. TAFT

When Mr. William Howard Taft was elected President of the United States in 1908 he replied to a friend who congratulated him: "But there is one honour which I should value even more highly than this."

"What can that be?" asked his friend in astonishment.

"To be Chief Justice of the United States" was Mr. Taft's reply.

Now he has reached the height of his ambition. The office of Chief Justice fell vacant not long ago, and Mr. Taft has been installed in it, the first man who has been President and Chief Justice too.

All who value high character and high ideals will rejoice that so good a choice should have been made. As President Mr. Taft was not always able to avoid the pitfalls of politics, but his personal record has been one of unstained honour. He was one of the first prominent political opponents of Mr. Wilson to support the League of Nations idea. He stood up for it through good report and evil. He has been one of the staunchest supporters of the idea of universal peace.

Stern Man's Smile

A big, kindly man, with an encouraging, friendly smile and eyes that twinkle with good nature, Mr. Taft can be stern enough at times. He showed this side of himself to the men who invited him to accept a blank cheque as payment for opposing Prohibition in the Courts.

"Fill it up for whatever figure you like," they told him, but Mr. Taft pushed it away.

"There is not enough money on this continent," he said, "to induce me to take up the cause of drink."

They went away crestfallen. The greatest lawyer in the country refused to take money, no matter how vast the sum, for championing a cause he believed to be wrong. And now the just man is the chief judge of a hundred million people.

THE FIVE WEASELS Schoolgirl's Adventure in a Lane

A girl in North Wales, returning from school along a country lane not long ago, was attacked by a weasel.

To frighten the animal away she threw her schoolbag at it and stamped her feet, when suddenly four other weasels emerged from beneath the hedge and came toward her.

She screamed, and was fortunately heard by a farmer in an adjoining field, who ran with a large sheepdog to her assistance. The dog killed one of the weasels, but the others made off.

AN OTTER IN TROUBLE Curious Story of a Fisherman

While playing a trout he had hooked in the River Loddon, near Strathfieldsaye, Hants, Mr. John Richards felt a sudden tug at the line.

A few moments later a large otter rose to the surface, making frantic efforts to disgorge the trout he had swallowed.

In catching the fish he had fallen a prey to the fisherman, whose hook held both the trout and the otter captive.

DISCOVERY IN A TREE Eggs Eighty Years Old

While an elm tree was being sawn up in a timber-yard in Berkshire four unbroken birds' eggs were discovered buried a foot deep in the trunk.

The eggs, believed to be those of a woodpecker, had evidently been laid in a hole which was afterwards closed by growth of the timber. From the appearance of the wood it was plain that they must have been in the tree for at least eighty years.

MARCH OF WIRELESS A COMING-OF-AGE Linking Up All Parts of the Earth JOURNEY OF A WIRELESS WAVE

By a Wireless Expert

Professor J. A. Fleming, the inventor of the wireless "valve," the simple detecting device which has revolutionised both wireless telegraphy and telephony, has been lecturing on the coming-of-age of long-distance wireless.

It is just over 21 years since several ships of the British Navy were first equipped with wireless apparatus—shortly after Marconi had conducted experiments in connection with the attempt of the first Shamrock to win back the America Cup.

Only in 1901 did Marconi first succeed in sending a wireless message over a distance of 250 miles, but within a few months the advances were so great that signals were received in Newfoundland from Poldhu, in Cornwall.

Six years later the powerful station at Clifden, on the west coast of Ireland, was opened, and a daily wireless service was carried on with the Glace Bay station in America, until a fire broke out in 1909 and put a stop for some months to all Atlantic work.

First Wireless Speech

Ever since the earliest success of Marconi a large number of experimenters have tried to apply wireless to speech, but it was not until 1904 that an Italian engineer named Majorana succeeded in sending messages by wireless in the Physical Institute at the University of Rome.

All kinds of methods were tried in nearly every European country and in America to make the wireless telephone a real possibility, but until Professor Fleming invented the valve detector little was done; in fact, all done before the invention of the valve was insignificant compared with the marvellous progress made after its discovery.

But, however common talking by wireless becomes, the sending of telegraphic messages by wireless will still be of vast importance, just as the telephone we use today has in no way rendered the telegraph useless.

Revolution in Telegraphy

The really great advances in long-distance wireless telegraphy that have taken place within the last two or three years are the power to send messages at all hours of the day, and not only during darkness as before, and the methods of sending messages at a very high speed by automatic instruments, and of recording them in clear characters, printed or photographed on tape.

No science within our knowledge has ever grown to such wonderful dimensions in 21 years as has wireless telegraphy. There is every reason to expect that within the next 21 years the younger science of wireless telephony will have grown on a still more astonishing scale.

Earth's Screen of Gas

In his lecture the other day Professor Fleming explained that it is now believed that the great strength of long-distance signals is due to the presence of a conducting layer of gas, floating 100 miles above us in the upper region of our atmosphere.

This layer, or screen, completely envelops the earth, and as the wireless waves move outward and strike it they are reflected and guided round between it and the earth's surface in a sort of gigantic speaking-tube, through which man can whisper his secrets to the Antipodes.

This natural screen is, therefore, an immense boon to humanity, for if it did not exist long-distance wireless would require such vast energy and cost so much as to be impracticable.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Look at the Right Side of Things

"SOFTLY SOFTLY CATCHEE MONKEY"

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

It often helps you, when you are in doubt or difficulty, if you can remember some good motto which has guided people in the past. Often it has helped me out of a tight place.

The Boy Scouts have some very good mottoes, printed in large letters, to hang on their club-room walls.

Some of them are quite old, some may be unknown to you, so I will give you a few examples and tell you something of their meaning. A good one is: "Don't stand with your back to the sun."

Cheer Up!

This explains itself, because, of course, if you won't look at the light things will seem black to you. Suppose, for instance, you broke your ankle just before you were going to play in a football match to which you had looked forward for weeks. "Rotten bad luck!" you say. Yes, certainly, and you will think yourself very much ill-used by Fate.

Well, it is for you now to remember the motto. The sun is there somewhere; don't stand with your back to it. Look at the bright side. Suppose you had injured yourself for life instead of for a few weeks; suppose you had lost a leg, as so many gallant boys did in the war—not much older than you, many of them. Be thankful—look at the bright side, cheer up, and say: "Well, thank God it is not so bad as it might have been. Remember that the sun is *always* there if you look for it; but, of course, you can't see if you have your face turned to the darkness or if you let the clouds of discontent come between you and the light.

Patience Wins the Day

Another of our good texts is "Softly softly catchee monkey."

It is really a saying from the West Coast of Africa, where the natives, when they want to get hold of a monkey, do not run after him and make a grab at him, or he would dart up a tree out of reach; they slowly edge nearer and nearer, and gently stroke him till they catch hold of him. Their way of describing it is to say "Softly softly catchee monkey."

So, when you are inclined to get impatient over some job you are doing, and feel inclined to rush or "skip" it because it seems so long and tiresome, remember that patience wins the day.

A good Scout is always the most patient of men; he doesn't worry if he does not succeed all at once, but waits and works quietly and determinedly till he "gets there" in the end—in small things, as in big ones. Even in undoing a parcel he will not pull and tear at the string; he will quietly set to work to untie it.

Carry On All the Time

One more motto, and that is all for today: "When the cat's away the mice will play—the little beasts." Just what one would expect the little things to do.

Be a man or a woman—but don't be a mouse. When your officer, or your master, or your parent is away, do not take it as the time to play the fool or neglect your work. It is your duty to carry on whether your officer is there or not. Do your work because it is your work and not because someone is watching you do it. Act as a Scout or Guide should act, and not like a mouse or a feeble good-for-nothing.

GIRLS ENJOY THEIR WINTER GAMES



Oxford and Cambridge girl students play a lacrosse match



A young golfer playing out of a bunker



A girl aspirant for championship honours in badminton.



Basket-ball



A good run down the field in a girls' football match



Net-ball



An exciting hockey match among the Oxford girl students

Girls now play all the healthy outdoor games that were once the monopoly of men and boys, and in these pictures of some of the most popular winter games the girls are showing a zest that could not be surpassed by male players

A LITTLE FELLOW AT PLYMOUTH

PROCERASTEA AND HIS CHILDREN

Extraordinary Chain of Life That Breaks Up and Lives

ALMOST TOO WONDERFUL TO BELIEVE

By Our Plymouth Laboratory Correspondent

A wonderful little creature called procerastea has been under observation in Plymouth Marine Laboratory, and it looks like nothing so much as a bit of yellow thread floating in the water. The largest are only about an inch long, and have the body divided into fifty or sixty separate rings, or segments.

Procerastea belongs to an interesting family of segmented worms in which the generations alternate, one generation living at the bottom of the sea, the next swimming at the surface. In the first generation the animals build mucous tubes in the mud or on the seaweed, and in these tubes they live, emerging only to seek food. The young ones develop in a continuous chain behind the adult, and are dragged about by the parent until full-grown. These are the real males and females

Growing a New Head

As they become mature they break off one by one and swim up to the surface. They differ in appearance and structure from the parent, having huge eyes and tentacles, and very long swimming bristles, but no mouths. Their lives are short. The female lays eggs and carries them about until the young hatch out; then she dies, and the young sink and develop like their grandparents.

But procerastea has yet another and more remarkable way of multiplying.

It can break itself up into tiny fragments, and each of these fragments can start at once and grow a new head and a new tail!

But this is not all. It has been proved that when these worms break up they all do it in the same way. First the head and seven rings separate from the rest, then three pieces of two rings each, then three pieces of three rings each, then five pieces of four rings, and from the forty-second segment to the tail it breaks into pieces of three segments.

Strange Thing Seen in the Water

But the most astonishing thing is that each piece seems to know its right place in the body! For example, suppose you take the first of the two-segment pieces, it will grow a new head and seven segments in front and no more; if you take, say, the second of the four-segment pieces it will grow a new head and 26 segments in front, and then stop. The tail-ends continue growing all the time.

Procerastea builds its tubes along the stems of one of the hydroids, the queer sea animals that look like flowers.

For a long time the food of procerastea was not known. Then one day, while some were being watched, a strange thing was seen. One of the worms crawled part-way out of its tube, suddenly arched itself up over the mouth of a hydroid, darted its proboscis into the mouth, and proceeded to pump out the food contents of the hydroid into its own stomach!

Marvellous Instinct

Now comes an interesting part of the story. A four-segment fragment had been kept in a bowl of sea-water by itself and had grown a new head and segments in front. Through some accident the head and five segments decayed. The unhealthy part was removed with a brush, and the animal grew another new head and five segments. It had neither had nor seen anything to eat, but when a hydroid was placed in the bowl it climbed up the stem, plunged its proboscis through into the food cavity, and started pumping out the food!

MEN OF 12,000 B.C. DISCOVERY ON THE FACE OF A CLIFF

Chapter in the Story of the
Little Bushmen

GIANTS OF LONG AGO

Until now the Bushmen have been the earliest known inhabitants of South Africa; they are a small and almost pigmy race. Now there have been discovered traces of human beings who are supposed to have been their ancestors, and to have lived in what is now Cape Colony 12,000 years ago.

High up on the face of a cliff by the sea are caves which were the dwellings of these people, and these caves have lately been searched, with the result that bone chisels and awls, beads for decoration, implements for grinding grain, and several skeletons were brought to light.

Race Once Big and Tall

Also, the skeletons prove that this race of primitive men were big and tall, not like their descendants, the little Bushmen. How, then, did the Bushmen degenerate into pigmies? Because these caves had low roofs, and in course of time, through constant bending and because those who did not bend got their heads knocked, the tall people died out, and only little ones remained.

At the same time there comes from an official in British East Africa another and less likely story about a race of giants which is said at one time, within the Christian era, to have inhabited part of the East African coast regions. The ruins of a town have been found, with traces of very large dwellings; and wells sunk through solid rock are attributed to the big folk. Further, huge cairns of stones are supposed to have been put up by them.

Half an Elephant for Dinner

Native legends abound in references to giants who hoed the ground with implements too heavy for a modern man even to lift, and it is said that any one of these men could not only kill elephants with his spear, but could eat half an elephant for dinner! They are reputed to have lived in round huts, to have cultivated the soil with the help of camels, and to have dammed rivers so as to keep a perpetual water supply.

The most circumstantial story is that a giant, annoyed by the people of a sea-coast town, in revenge waded into their harbour and pulled up the anchors of their vessels. Then he dragged the ships across the harbour and set them adrift upon the open sea! But there is scarcely anything to show that all this rests upon any surer basis than romantic legends.

THE WONDERFUL GROCER

What Is He?

Some time ago the C.N. mentioned a law case in which there was a great argument as to what a grocer was.

Formerly he was a man who sold by the gross, but now his business is so varied, and he deals in so many kinds of goods, that learned lawyers and perplexed magistrates have not been able to agree as to whether certain tradesmen were grocers or not.

The old problem has cropped up once again. A witness giving evidence before Lord Cave's Committee on the working of the Trade Boards mentioned that in the official documents of the department three pages of print were needed to describe a grocer.

When the chairman expressed surprise at this the witness explained that it was absolutely necessary, as grocers dealt in so many things that it was found impossible to describe them in less space. The authorities had tried to find twelve staple articles that would define a grocer's business, but had failed.

We are glad these men who took three pages to describe a grocer are not on the C.N. staff! We would willingly undertake to get three grocers on one page.

FRANCE REMEMBERS A LITTLE MAID

A Medal for Brave Helene
SILENT BEFORE AN ENEMY

Most of you know that fine picture of a little Cavalier boy being questioned by the Parliament men under Cromwell about the hiding-place of his father; and we remember the proud way in which he holds up his head and will not tell when he last saw his father.

The scene was repeated in France during the war, though there were differences; for in France it was a brave girl who would not tell. The village where she lived—Hélène Jacquemin was her name—was occupied by the Germans, and Hélène's father, while carrying a dispatch to the French, was fatally wounded. He managed, however, to hand the dispatch to his son, but the boy was caught and sentenced to be shot, and his mother was arrested.

-A Coward's Blow

Then little Hélène, aged nine, was brought forward to be questioned, but, like the English boy in the picture, she refused to speak and tell anything to the enemy. Instead of being admired for her faithfulness, as the boy was by his father's enemies, she was struck in the face by a German officer till the blood flowed down her cheeks; but the little maid proudly defied her enemies and would not tell.

Her mother and brother were imprisoned in Germany for three years, but Hélène was too young for prison. Now her grateful and admiring country has decorated her with war honours. The French War Cross with palms, France's special decoration for bravery, has been conferred on little Hélène; and who will say she did not richly deserve it?

ONLY WHITE MAN ON AN ISLAND Story of a Twenty-Year-Old Wreck

Professor W. H. Hobbs, the geologist of the University of Michigan, whose investigation into the growth of coral is mentioned in another column, has sent home from Manila a remarkable story of a sort of Robinson Crusoe he discovered on an island.

He has found Captain Leander West living as the only white man at Kusai Island, one of the Caroline Group, where he was wrecked in his barque, the *Horatio*, twenty years ago.

The story is that West was befriended by a native chief and admitted to the tribe, but, although his life on the island has been tolerable among the friendly natives, he wishes to return to the United States.

Only five ships call at the island in a year, all of them Japanese, and Captain West has not been able to obtain a passage on any one of them. He has been paralysed for nearly two years and unable to work, but he is being generously supported by the natives, and it is hoped that Professor Hobbs's recommendations to the American Government will lead to his being rescued and restored to his homeland.

MESOTHORIUM A Rival to Radium

The price of radium bromide is still a thousand pounds a grain, but the production of mesothorium on an increasing scale will enable us to dispense with radium bromide in many ways.

Mesothorium can be used instead of radium for making luminous paint for watches, compasses, mine signboards, and so on; and an English chemist has recently perfected a method of producing it in quantity at a very low price.

The real importance of this is that mesothorium will now be used for preparing luminous paint, so that the radium may be reserved for medical work, where it is of increasing value.

OTHER LANDS

Toys That Help to Make
the World Friendly

ENTERPRISE OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

There is nothing like knowledge to create interest, and we should all take more interest in other lands and peoples if we knew more about them.

The United Council for Missionary Education is now issuing a series of very attractive toys and books dealing with life in other countries, and such toys help to make the world friendly.

One such toy, called Wen-Bao's birthday game, consists of a picture printed in colours on cardboard; it shows a Chinese room. On a second card are figures representing the members of a Chinese family, including Wen-Bao, a baby boy, and the cat. The figures have to be cut out, and each has a tab which can be slipped through a slit in the floor of the room, so that when the toy is made up we have a splendid representation of a Chinese family at home. The whole is packed into an envelope which tells the story of Wen-Bao, and for those who want to know more about Wen-Bao there is a well-illustrated book about him.

Full particulars of these toys can be obtained from the Council at 2, Eaton Gate, Sloane Square, London.

Another admirable book, with the same good spirit behind it, is issued by the Livingstone Press of the London Missionary Society as a Christmas gift-book for children. It is called "Friends over the Seas," and we hope Santa Claus will buy a good stock of it for those who are growing up to rule the world.

WATCHING THE CUCKOO

A Film Not Being Shown

Mr. Edgar Chance, a member of a well-known Midland family who has done great service to the country in the glass industry, has completed a wonderful record of the habits of the cuckoo, in which he dispels preconceived notions concerning this vagrant bird.

Mr. Chance's study lasted many months and involved days of stealthy watching from concealed positions. So near the bird did he get at times that regularity in habits could be noted, and there was evidence to show that the cuckoo's custom of laying eggs in other nests is more methodical than haphazard.

Mr. Chance wrote a book on his discoveries concerning the cuckoo, and actually succeeded in taking a cinematograph film of the mother bird laying an egg on the ground, picking it up in its beak, and carrying it to the nest of the foster-parent, in this case a meadow pipit.

The film is a unique record of one of our most interesting birds, but, unfortunately, it has met with little enthusiasm from cinema proprietors, who prefer the sort of rubbish we are usually shown on those dull days when we find ourselves at the cinema.

HIS CAPTIVE FRIEND Sparrow Calls On a Canary

Mr. Newill, of Kogarah, Sydney, New South Wales, has a pet sparrow. His bathroom opens on to the back verandah, and one day a sparrow entered the room and set out to explore it.

Catching sight of himself in a mirror, he was at first annoyed, and tried very hard to dig his beak into the glass; then, having exhausted himself, he fluttered out of the window very tired. The following day he paid another visit to the room and had another try at the reflection in the mirror.

Just outside the bathroom hangs Mr. Newill's canary. A few days after the sparrow's first visit he made friends with the prisoner, and the latest development is a gift of grass blades daily for the canary, which seems happier, for he is whistling better.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

ADMIRAL WHO CAPTURED
NAPOLEON'S HOME

German Poet Who Became a
Frenchman

A FAMOUS LOVER OF NATURE

- Dec. 11. Trial of Louis XVI began in Paris. 1792
12. Viscount Hood born at Thorncombe. 1724
13. Heine born at Düsseldorf. 1797
14. Louis Agassiz died at Cambridge, U.S.A. 1873
15. Alabama Commission opened at Geneva. 1871
16. Beethoven born at Bonn. 1770
17. Chief Justice Gascoigne died. 1419

Admiral Hood

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT SAMUEL HOOD was one of the bold British sea-dogs who kept the seaways open in the days when Nelson was a young officer.

It is necessary to give Samuel Hood his full names, for there were a number of Hoods in the old navy; and two of them became both admirals and viscounts. One was this Samuel, and the other his three-years younger brother, Alexander Hood, Viscount Bridport. The brothers were constantly at sea at the same time. Both served under the older admirals Rodney and Hawke; and their services are often confused.

Of Samuel it is enough to say that he spent his life at sea; rose to be commander-in-chief in North America and afterwards in the Mediterranean; besieged Toulon when Napoleon Bonaparte first saw warfare, and captured Napoleon's native isle, Corsica. Here are the opinions of him of other fighting admirals. Admiral Hotham said, "I never saw an officer of more intrepid courage or warmer zeal"; and Nelson said, "He was the best officer, taking him altogether, that the English had to boast of—great in all situations that an admiral can be placed in."

Heine

HEINRICH HEINE, in youth named Harry Heine, the most dainty lyrical poet of Germany, was a Jew by race. His family were prosperous in business, and hoped he would take to it, but he did not. His interests were intellectual, and he became a poet and journalist, living a wandering life, clever and witty, but never prosperous.

His character was changeable. Born a Jew, he became a baptised Christian. Born into German citizenship, he changed into French citizenship. Heine's style, whether in character or writing, was much more French than German. He had French brightness and no German solidity. Many of his songs have been set to music, particularly by Schumann and Mendelssohn.

The later years of Heine's life were sad. He was a helpless invalid from spinal disease, and suffered greatly, but with fortitude. His bright and reckless spirit never grew dimmed.

Louis Agassiz

PROFESSOR JEAN LOUIS RUDOLPHE AGASSIZ, the Swiss naturalist, who adopted English as his language and America as his home, was the man of whom the poet Longfellow wrote that

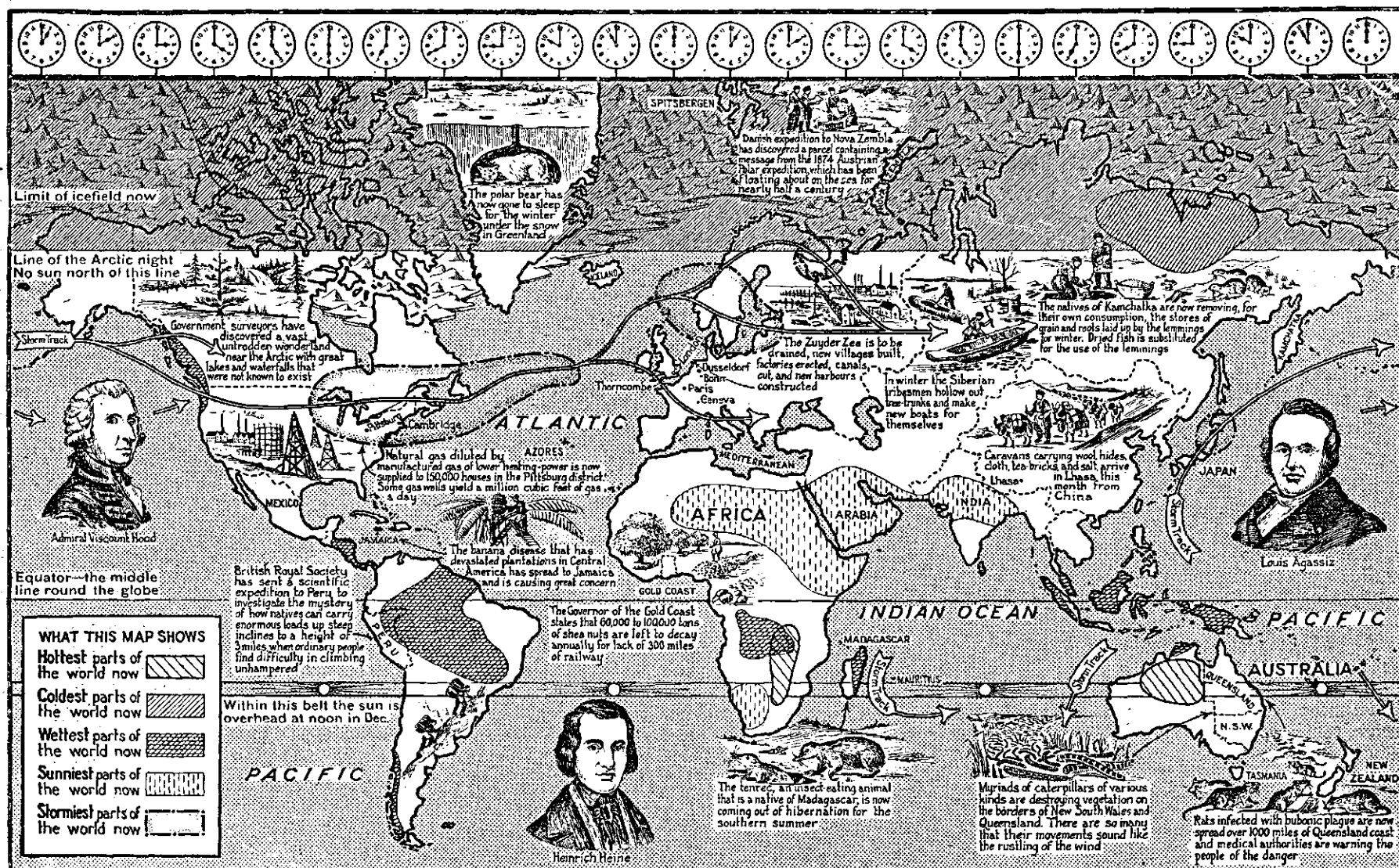
Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee."

Agassiz, in his native land, studied as a doctor, but his chief interest was in science, and he gained the friendship of Humboldt and the attention of the world by classifying fossil fishes and by studying Swiss glaciers.

Before he was forty he went to the United States, and became a popular lecturer and Professor of Natural History at Harvard University. He was greatly interested in practical research.

Many of the theories held by Agassiz are not now accepted, but he did much to interest the public in science, for his bright character made him popular.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING STORMS ALL OVER THE WORLD



AEROPLANES FLY ALONE

Automatic Planes Coming

Many attempts have been made to find an aeroplane that would take care of itself while flying, and flights have often been made in England during which the pilot has taken his hands off the controls while the plane has continued an even course for miles.

What is probably the longest uncontrolled flight has just been made by a Frenchman, M. Georges Aveline, who has invented a new device for making aeroplanes automatically stable.

Starting out from Paris with several passengers in a large machine to which his new apparatus was fixed, he quickly reached the desired height and direction, and then left the controls alone. The machine flew on, entirely unattended, until Amsterdam was reached; and, to prove the efficiency of the invention, the return journey to Paris was made in the same way.

On another occasion a large aeroplane was flown in France for more than an hour, the controls being operated by wireless from a land station some miles away. When it was desired to make a landing the pilot resumed control and brought the machine safely to earth.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A pedigree bull	£5565
First edition of Byron's poems	£235
An 18th-century leather screen	£180
A letter of Burns	£179
An old English barometer	£152
An autograph poem by Burns	£145
A 17th-century Flemish tapestry	£120
Chinese ivory figure 15 inches high	£94
A Sheraton side-table	£73
Copy of the Great Bible of 1540	£50
First edition of Ingoldsby Legends	£37
First edition of a Keats poem	£36
First edition of Lamb's Tales	£31
A. Henry VIII farthing	£24
A King Stephen penny	£21
First edition of a Coleridge poem	£15
Working horse in Aberdeenshire 2s.6d.	

FROM PEKIN PALACE

Thousand-Year-Old Scrolls

More than 1000 years ago Chinese artists wrote proverbs on scrolls and decorated them, and the scrolls were hung up in Chinese houses to teach wisdom to Chinese boys and girls.

Now there is a collection of them in the city of Toronto, one of the busiest places in the great Dominion, and the business men look hurriedly at them and wonder what kind of a life the people led for whom the scrolls were made.

There are also very beautiful robes in the collection, robes worn by mandarins, with gold thread ornaments and heavy gold buttons, and the Chinese Dragon in solid gold on the back. These curiosities were taken from the Imperial Palace of the Chinese Emperors in Peking. Now that China is a republic such treasures are being widely scattered, and we are able to learn better than ever what exquisite taste the Chinese have had and what a highly civilised people they are.

TINY TRAVELLERS

Belgium to Canada Alone

Some time ago we told of two little Dutch children who travelled all alone across Canada.

Now we hear of three little Belgian children—Jules, Henri, and Margaret Vanthuyn—aged five, seven, and eight, who have travelled all the way from their home in Belgium to Davison in Saskatchewan, without anyone to look after them but the steamship and railway employees. Their parents had made the trip a year ago, and the children were on their way to join them.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY

A manufacturer at Indianapolis, U.S.A., has built in memory of his mother a tabernacle for 10,000 people, costing £50,000, and a smaller tabernacle at Louisville, with a tablet: "In honour of my mother, whose prayers saved me from a drunkard's grave."

AN ARTIST'S TREE

How He Saved Its Life with Two Pictures

By Our Paris Correspondent

Harpignies's tree is dead!

That master of landscape painting and student of the tree in art loved to look at his favourite tree from his window in the Rue de Coëtlogon in Paris, and when the city one day wanted to fell the great trunk in order to open out a vista which it blurred Harpignies saved it by offering for its life two of his pictures.

The paintings were accepted and the tree was saved. But that happy respite took place many years ago, and now the tree has to go, for its day is done and it is no longer any good except for making Christmas logs.

But the two landscapes by Harpignies will remain lasting witnesses to an artist's love of a tree.

TEN THOUSAND IDEAS

All Half a Century Old

A competition was recently started by the Rubber Growers' Association offering large money prizes for the best suggestions for new and extended uses for rubber.

Nearly 2000 chemists and inventors entered, and 10,000 suggestions for new uses for rubber were sent in. It was found that nearly every one of these "new" ideas had been suggested by a chemist named Goodyear in 1855 in a historic book known as "Goodyear on Gum Elastic."

The suggestions included the use of rubber for making mattresses and as a substitute for putty for fixing glass.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Agassiz	Ag-ah-see
Auriga	Aw-ree-gah
Beethoven	Bay-to-ven
Dijon	De-zhon
Heine	Hi-ne
Patiala	Put-e-ah-lah

LIGHT THAT PIERCES

STONE WALLS

Power of the X-Rays in Hospitals

"Very hard X-rays" is what the latest development of X-ray surgery is called. It is more than twice as powerful as the hardest rays known hitherto.

When the apparatus is turned on in the first floor of the London Cancer Hospital photographic plates on the third floor can be spoiled by the light of the rays. If they were directed toward the cellars all the mice beneath the building might be exterminated. It is too costly to be applied to walls for the discovery of the nests of rats and mice in private houses.

The light will show flaws in solid steel at a depth of two inches. It is being used at the hospital for the treatment of cancer cases where the trouble is very deeply embedded in some part of the human frame. Whether cures have been effected is not known.

FIRE SEARCHLIGHT

A New Thing for Fire Brigades

The City of New York Fire Department now has a fire engine used exclusively for carrying searchlights for fighting fires in high buildings at night.

This vehicle carries two searchlights, each of 25,000 candle-power, and also a generator capable of supplying the power to run them. The lights are detachable, and if necessary can be taken inside the burning building.

THIS LAND OF FLOWERS

A Fordingbridge reader has this year made a collection of the wild flowers of Hampshire, and has gathered 352 varieties. Among them is the blue pimpernel *Anagallis coerulea*, and she wonders if others have found it.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 10 1921

Teachers Out of School

Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.

It is a big family to which we belong. There are human beings of all kinds, white and brown, and yellow and black; and with them all manner of birds and beasts and fishes. They live with us, and our world would be poor without them.

We think of them as our servants. The horse drags us along, the bee finds us honey, the fishes are food for us. They are good servants, but the wise man says they are teachers.

Strange teachers waiting everywhere! They need no school buildings; there are no set hours. They are always waiting to tell us their secrets.

All of us want to be strong in body, but what magnificent bodies the beasts have! They have no need of doctors; they have teeth unspoiled and clean. They fill their place in the order of things; they obey the laws of their kind. Have they anything to teach us? Do they not teach us to keep to the law?

When the clever designers of aircraft tried to make the best wings they went to the birds. They asked the birds to show what was the right curve and what the true poise. And so they learned their lesson from those wise teachers, the fowls of the air.

This school had one of its best students in William Shakespeare; he had asked of the beasts and the birds their wisdom. Listen to one of the lessons they had taught him.

So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

It is a very ancient school, this school of wild things. Long ago in Galilee the greatest Teacher of all told His friends that they must ask of the ravens and the lilies. The school is still open, and there are lessons, new and wonderful, waiting to be learned. It is a jolly school, for it is to be found in the fields and in the woods, in the rivers and ponds, on the high hills and in the blue skies.

Ask the beasts, and they will teach you the secret of an ordered life true to the law. Ask the birds, and they will teach you the secrets of the upper air. Ask the fishes, and they will tell you of the deeps. Ask the earth, and it will show the wonders of the mind that dreamed of it and brought it into being, and is guiding it to its perfect end.

These are our teachers, and they will not be silent if we speak to them.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Who Wants It?

THE Imperial War Museum, like thousands of the men who won the war, is in search of a home.

We are not surprised that the Crystal Palace is anxious to get rid of this collection of horrors that keeps alive the memory of the ghastliest thing in history. Who wants it? And why should we be taxed a thousand pounds a week to keep it up?



What Will He Do Now?

A Mistake in the Abbey?

Is it possible that there is some mistake in the inscription of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey?

There was much confusion in the choice of the Great Unknown, and it was clear that the official mind hardly appreciated the solemnity and beauty of this great idea; but at least it was understood that the Unknown Warrior was to be chosen from men who died by land and sea.

The inscription on his tomb, however, declares that he was brought from France. It will seem to many people that this implies that the Unknown Warrior was a soldier who fell in France, and it seems a pity to destroy the feeling that many thousands of people cherish—the thought that the Great Unknown may be a sailor home from sea.

The Little American

THE naturalists of America are very pleased with a museum that has captured an example of the smallest mammal on the continent. It is a mouse, and we are told that it is as small as a bumble-bee, that it has great intelligence, brings up a big family, and will gladly die for any member of it.

America is full of wonders, great and small, but how many things in America can beat this little creature, with its wonderful structure and its wonderful qualities? In one corner of this tiny creature's eye, we read, "a million living things can find room to live and breed and die."

Is it not good to be reminded, when men are making such a mess of the world, of the marvels of such a small friend as this and of all the wonder it contains?

What a Sight It Will Be

THE wonderful Mr. Ford has offered to buy up all the world's old battleships and turn them into useful things.

Is it not a great spectacle? We yet may see a bit of the Queen Elizabeth ploughing the fields and fertilising the earth and giving life to humankind, while Russian lions lie down with German lambs, and all the world makes holiday.

Who knows? With every rising of the sun we see the Governments of the world drawing slowly nearer the day when they will believe in Christianity, not because they want to, but just because they have to.

Tip-Cat

FRANCE thinks the chief argument against disarmament is Germany. We should have thought Germany the best argument for it.

LORD RIDDELL says the Prime Minister always keeps his face. How else could he save his face?

DEAN INGE wants us to make it easy for the Germans to repent. The Germans want us to make it free and easy.

ACCORDING to a professor there are 160,000,000 people in Russia with hardly a handkerchief between them. Even if they had it entirely, what is one among so many?

THE farmer's lot:
The ploughshare.

ANSWER to Inquirer: No; the young lady who takes your money at the pay-desk is not bound to be a countess.

SHUT up: Tinned tongue.

IN houses planned by men, writes

Lady Frances Balfour, every hook is placed at a convenient height for a rather tall man. Never mind; the man does not always take his hook.

A SMALL-HOLDER: The perambulator.

A NEW book is "All About the Horse." Why not have called it simply Gee-ology?

What About Stamps?

THE tax on cigars has been reduced, with the result that the revenue has enormously increased. Railway fares have been reduced, with the result that the railway revenues are increasing. Bus fares are being reduced, and the number of passengers will probably double.

A word to the wise is sufficient. When will the Postmaster-General learn the lesson that railways and bus companies and cigar people have learned so well?



Extraordinary Adventure of a Matchbox

By a C.N. Philosopher

I PICKED it up rather hurriedly, and on the instant out shot the inner box, scattering matches all over the floor and leaving me with nothing but the outer case in my hand.

My exclamation was Blow!

But I said to myself, "Here is an excellent opportunity to learn patience;" and I knelt down on the floor, picked up the matches one by one, and replaced them in the box.

It was good for my temper. And something more. I said to myself, "How clever are those women who pack matches away in these boxes. How quick they must be with their fingers. And think of their patience! Fancy packing matches like this for eight hours every day."

Patience

I sat down with the matchbox at my side, and began to read.

Some minutes later a movement of my elbow tipped the box over, and out shot the inner box, sending the matches all over the carpet. This time I did not say Blow! I smiled, rose up, and once more took a lesson in patience. But, again, something more.

Suddenly it occurred to me that there is scarcely anything in the world more unusual than a matchbox which does not fit. Why, this matchbox of mine was one of the rarest things in the world! It was almost a miracle.

Then I reflected on the wonder of modern invention. What an achievement to make millions of matchboxes which fit perfectly.

The Joke

That evening a friend called upon me. He filled his pipe and looked about for matches. I passed him the box. He put his finger to the inner case, gave it a push, and out flew all the matches—over his lap, down his legs, and over the carpet at his feet.

"Is this a joke?" he asked.

Then it was that I learned my last lesson from the matchbox. Anything that goes wrong is a joke. It isn't meant to go wrong. It is meant to go right. Wrongness is absurdity. Rightness is right. When we are not at our best we are laughable.

And, now, what do you think? I keep my rare matchbox and fill it with matches from boxes that fit all right, and when a stranger comes in I pass it to him, and the joke that the matchbox doesn't fit makes us laugh as we go down on our knees and pick up the matches from the carpet.

What a lot of fun I get out of my little yellow joke on the mantelpiece! May it never wear out!

A Schoolboy's Prayer

Give me a healthy body, Lord;
Give me the sense to keep it so;
Give me a heart that is not bored
Whatever work I have to do.

Give me a sense of humour, Lord;
Give me the power to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

FRANCE DELIGHTS IN TWO GREAT MEN

FINE TYPES OF OUR RACE

French Impression of the Marvellous Power of Kipling THE MAN OF ALL THE WORLD

By Our Paris Correspondent

The University of Paris has just conferred the title of doctor on two eminent British friends of France, Sir James G. Frazer and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The ceremony, presided over by President Millerand, was solemnly held in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne.

In both great men France sees types of a seafaring nation which goes and seeks its food and does its work throughout the world—Frazer by trying to throw light into the gloomy depth of the human soul, Kipling by delighting the imagination and the human heart.

Sir J. G. Frazer is not popular like Kipling, but he is the most illustrious representative of that school of scholars which has reviewed the history of religions and mythologies through all ages, all races, and all countries.

Learning from the Past

Starting with the idea that the human mind is everywhere the same, and that all peoples have passed through the same stages of civilisation, Sir James Frazer declares that "at a given time of their development all men have figured to themselves the world beyond." So that, in studying the creeds of primitive peoples, we can trace back the origins of religious ideas.

His work is a noble attempt to bring to light the meaning of very ancient customs, some of which are still practised in savage tribes, or even among European peasants.

As to Kipling, the man with the two light eyes behind golden spectacles, he is the man who knows best how to look and what to look at.

Magic of Words

His eyes have seen all the seas of the world. They have watched the old Lama, lost in his dreams, walking in the long dusty road of India. Through the fogs of Newfoundland they have followed the fishing craft dragging their nets. They have caught sight of the great leaps of Baghard the Panther, the creeping of Kaâ the Serpent, and the beam of light that glitters between SHERA-KHAN's eyelashes. They have plunged into the brown beech forests of Old England; they have been dazzled by the red sands of Egypt and the wide pasture lands of the Transvaal.

Kipling has gathered the most beautiful pictures that this earth can offer us, and has expressed them amazingly in words. A Kipling description has something of magic; it has what in art we call design and relief; it has a dazzling colour; it has a soul. Rudyard Kipling's language is truly among the richest in existence.

And this man, for whom the world is an inexhaustible source of impressions, has brought to life again the souls of old races. He is also a poet, a poet of the animals, a poet of the sea.

Two Poets Meet

To French folk Kipling is the man who wrote the magnificent hymn to France, and we are fond of him, as he is fond of us. Nobody in England was more glad than he on the return of Alsace and Lorraine to their mother country.

One day he was coming out of the cathedral of Metz. A majestic Hindu with a long white beard was entering as he left, and the two men looked and wondered. Rabindranath Tagore, the great poet of India, could not withhold his greetings from the great English friend of his country, and he embraced Kipling with tears.

Such men are friends to be depended upon, and glad is France to honour them.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

It has been established that the first British officer to be killed in the war was a native of Swanley Junction.

C.N. Boy Astronomer

John Wilson, the C.N. Boy Astronomer, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and is, we understand, the youngest on their list.

Sunday Schools

The Sunday-school movement is extending in South America. An institute for training teachers has been started in Argentina, and Brazil has now nearly 60,000 scholars and teachers.

Drying in the Dry Country

Instead of supplying towels in their public wash-rooms, certain American hotels have installed machines whereby hot air is blown through tubes and played on the hands and face, drying them immediately.

The Matron of West Ham Union Convalescent Home at Margate thanks the public for sending copies of the C.N. and My Magazine.

A Girl's Hands

\$15,000 damages was awarded an eight-year-old girl in the United States recently for the loss of both her hands in a motor accident.

A Great City's Property

Chicago, with a population of nearly three millions, has municipal property worth \$90,000,000, and the City Council spends \$13,000,000 a year on materials and labour.

A Fine Record

It is reported that in Birmingham, the birthplace of Children's Courts, nobody under 16 has been committed to prison since 1904, when the Children's Courts first came into being.

CAN NELSON'S SHIP BE SAVED?



A careful survey of Nelson's flagship is now being made to discover the condition of the timber and see to what extent it needs attention if the ship is to be saved. Here we see men boring holes in the walls of the old Victory as she lies at Portsmouth

POOR DAVID OF OKLAHOMA

THE most-talked-of child in the American Mid-West is one David, a little boy in the city of Oklahoma, the capital of the State of Oklahoma.

Next to its university, with nearly 4000 students, Oklahoma is proud of its agricultural and technical college, with nearly 2000 professors and students; and this is the institution which, for the moment, is showing America and the world the way in practical education.

Believing that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," Oklahoma is starting its education with the bringing up of babies. Distrustful of working by theory alone, it brings the baby straight into the school.

Its theory is that the proper handling, feeding, cleansing, clothing, comforting, and general rearing of the child must be

done both scientifically and by practice, and so it has made a start by borrowing a baby.

Poor little David's mother is dead, and he was taken into the local children's home. Now the home has lent him to be "practised on" by the elder girl scholars of the college.

Under matronly supervision, in squads of six kind girls, they are to bring up young David in the most approved scientific fashion, each girl in her turn ministering to his wants.

And now the newspapers of the Republic are divided into two camps, one consisting of those who think David is to be pitied, and the other consisting of those who congratulate him. Will he be spoiled or will he be killed? It is a question best left open for thought.

MR. GANDHI A GOOD MAN TROUBLING INDIA

Difficult Point at Which East and West Do Not Meet PATRIOTS WITH NARROW VISION

By Our Political Correspondent

The newspapers have been saying a great deal about the doings of the popular Indian reformer Gandhi, whose addresses to the crowds in Bombay led to rioting and loss of life on the day when the Prince of Wales was welcomed.

Afterwards Gandhi publicly proclaimed that his influence on the people had not had the effects he had hoped for, but had done harm instead of good. In sign of his sorrow he announced that he would do penance by fasting.

Gandhi is a highly educated Indian, who has qualified as a lawyer in England, and has practised successfully in the Indian courts. He knows English and European life as well as a thoughtful man of Eastern race can know it. He is not an agitator making trouble to satisfy a selfish ambition. All who have met him in England, or in India, or in South Africa, where he spent many years of his life, respect him as a sincere man.

Eastern Outlook on Life

He was rich and might have been richer, but he is now comparatively poor, having spent his money in advancing causes that he cares for intensely. In short, he is passionately a good man so far as his intentions go.

If we are to understand him fairly we must realise that the outlook on life of great numbers of Indians is not the same as that of Western people. The Indian of a reflective type often believes in a simple individual life that is not organised in great industries, employing thousands of people in factories; that does not seek to heap up wealth and find rewards in social honours; that does not rule men in masses with a firm hand, or make wars.

If India Were Left Alone

Such men think that India left alone in its old ways, has a life of its own which suits it better than the Western methods we sum up as Progress. They would be better pleased if they did not have in India railways and factories and the improvements, as we call them, that come with wealth and science.

Politically Gandhi and those whom he has convinced favour what they call "Swaraj," or Home Rule, by which they mean not only self-government for India, but the changing of the whole life of the country in accordance with Eastern ideas.

The method of Gandhi for doing this is to boycott everything European, or to adopt what he calls the policy of Non-Cooperation. The refusal to buy anything of Western manufacture is preached in India, and is followed by the burning of such goods.

Narrow View of Human Progress

But this movement, in all its aspects, is based on narrow views of human progress. Many of the most hopeful influences in Indian life are not in sympathy with Gandhi's theories. Broader thinkers than he, belonging to his own race, know that he does not understand the hearts of the people to whom he appeals. What he aims at with a pathetically blind piety the mob interprets with equally blind prejudice. His gospel of Non-Cooperation, in spite of its condition of No-Violence, acts with bad effect on the worst passions of the unruly, and then Gandhi is surprised at effects that everyone but himself knew would occur.

In short, Gandhi is an unselfish enthusiast devoid of steady judgment and of clear perception of more than a few of the facts that must be understood if public affairs are to be wisely controlled. He is one of the good men who do great harm unthinkingly.

LIGHT THAT SWEEPS OVER FRANCE SEEN FROM A QUARTER OF THE COUNTRY

**Biggest Aerial Lighthouse in the
World on a French Hill-Top**

LIKE A STAR ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELDS

By Our Paris Correspondent

The French Air Ministry has just taken over a marvellous new aerial lighthouse.

The building holds eight lamps, and a single man can manage it. Erected near Dijon, on Mount Africa, a hill-top 1500 feet high, its light, which equals a million candle-power, will be visible two hundred miles away.

This new lighthouse is to be the guide for aerial night expresses, especially those entering or leaving Paris on their way to or from Central Europe. It will be visible over nearly a quarter of France. Let us follow it all round.

Beginning in the east, we first meet the glorious lands of Lorraine and Alsace, with their capitals Metz and Strasbourg, so dearly bought back by France in the Great War.

Glory of the Past

Then our light shines over the Jura and the Vosges Mountains, both ranges well known for their splendid forests.

Now we are nearing the Alps; passing the Rhine at Basle; passing Berne and Geneva, towns dear to us for their unending welcome to the traveller; and, following the Rhone, we reach Lyons.

Lyons, founded ages ago by the Romans, was then the most brilliant place in France. Emperors had their residences within her walls; great feasts were given in her palaces. Of how many battles was she a witness? Though she is no more than a business city now, she remains to France one of the glories of her past.

The Very Heart of France

Still following the points reached by Dijon's lighthouse, we come to the mountains of Auvergne in the centre of France, while to the north there is Paris. But if this new house throws its light upon important towns, it radiates also over the humblest villages, which are the very heart of France, generously giving its rays, like the sun, to poor and rich alike.

Circumstances seem to have favoured the building of this great lighthouse on a point towering above an immense part of the battlefields of the Great War, for all along the way from Paris to Alsace is the valley of the Marne, so tragically famous, and the ever-sublime Verdun, where sleep the men of France in all their glory.

Now it is the part of Dijon to spread light over it all, and so add a fine page to the book of her great past. The new lamp will shine like a star above the battlefields of this brave, stricken land.

PAYING A DEBT

**70 Shillings Wipe Out 70,000
Pounds**

Somebody borrowed three-quarters of a million Russian roubles two months before the war, and it has been decided that it can now be paid back in roubles, so that £3 ros. of English money will wipe off the debt of over £70,000.

The Moscow correspondent of the Daily Chronicle has been trying to buy a pair of knee-boots in Moscow, but he did not buy because the only pair he could discover after a long search cost one million roubles. This is one hundred thousand pounds of pre-war money, and in British money about £5.

THE WAGES OF PLUCK What Perseverance Did for a Poilu

THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD

What has become of the men who won the war?

The "unknown warrior" rests amid London's central roar under a stately tomb. Many are selling toys or watches by the kerbstone; many have left England for Canada or New Zealand. Here is a story of one, a young Frenchman, who, in spite of being blinded in battle, has "made good," as the Americans say.

At first, when he knew his sight had gone, he felt that he could never make any effort again. But he was a boy with pluck, so he learned to read in Braille type; he learned to write shorthand and to use a typewriter; he studied law.

Then he heard that an American named Chapman had offered a scholarship at Harvard University to a French wounded soldier, in memory of his son killed at Verdun. The blind young man, whose name is Guy Envin, determined to try for this, and out of a hundred competitors he was chosen. So he is now at Harvard, near Boston, in the United States, in the Law School, and hopes in a year or two to start business as a lawyer.

So much may courage and dogged perseverance achieve. Perhaps one day Envin may become a Cabinet Minister like blind Mr. Fawcett in England. Never forget that the greatest composer of music the world has known was deaf.

HERO OF THE GOLF LINKS Lulu and the Snakes

A Johannesburg reader sends us an account of the death of a dog famous for his bravery and usefulness, and widely known around the South African town of Potchefstroom, where he lived.

His name was Lulu, and his master was the groundsman who attended to the greens on the local golf links. The links are infested with deadly snakes, and it was Lulu's delight to help his master in searching for them and destroying them.

Many a fight to the death took place between Lulu and the enemy reptile, and it is claimed that during the last three years Lulu killed no fewer than 200 venomous snakes.

Often he was bitten, but an antidote, quickly administered, neutralised the poison, and at last it was thought he was so seasoned that he was immune from serious injury by snake-bite.

But a day came when the plucky dog met his match. As he rushed in on a big snake the enemy struck him with his poison fangs on the tongue, and in twenty minutes poor Lulu was dead.

So bold a dog deserves to be known and regretted outside the circle of Potchefstroom golfers.

WORLD'S CARS

A Great Transport Census

A census of cars in the whole world gives the respectable figure of 10,922,278 motor vehicles.

As was expected, it is in America that the greatest number of cars is found, America having 9,211,295, or 83 per cent. of them all; one for every eleven inhabitants.

In Europe, England leads with one car for every 110 inhabitants, and a total of 420,000 vehicles. France has 202,500, making one for every 205 inhabitants.

The least fortunate country in mechanical transport is certainly the small republic of Liberia, where only one car is found for 250,000 inhabitants. It is true that the lords of that country are carried about in palanquins or on men's backs, either of which methods is still quicker than travelling by car through the bush!

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL?

£200 Awarded to C.N. Readers

A very large number of competitors entered for the Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral? examination in the C.N. of October 8, but no one succeeded in giving correct solutions in every case.

Six readers made only one mistake each, and the first prize of £100 has been divided equally among them. They are:

R. Kyle, Great Missenden; A. M. Austin, Northwood; C. L. Myers, Lincoln; T. W. Jones, Crewe; C. Reid, Edinburgh; F. W. Edwards, Letchworth.

The correct solutions were as follows:

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Animal | 11. Animal | 21. Animal |
| 2. Animal | 12. Mineral | 22. Vegetable |
| 3. Mineral | 13. Animal | 23. Mineral |
| 4. Animal | 14. Animal | 24. Animal |
| 5. Animal | 15. Animal | 25. Vegetable |
| 6. Mineral | 16. Mineral | 26. Animal |
| 7. Mineral | 17. Animal | 27. Animal |
| 8. Vegetable | 18. Vegetable | 28. Mineral |
| 9. Animal | 19. Vegetable | 29. Mineral |
| 10. Vegetable | 20. Animal | 30. Vegetable |

Although competitors did not have to say what the objects were, but merely class them as animal, vegetable, or mineral, we give their correct names to satisfy the curiosity of readers.

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Whelk shell | 16. Glass bottle |
| 2. Crook sea anemone | 17. Silk banner of a Garter knight |
| 3. Iceberg | 18. Fruit of Trapa bi- |
| 4. Egg capsules of cuttle- | 19. Chocolate corns |
| 5. Snipe's egg (fish) | 20. Crab |
| 6. Kettle of boiling water | 21. Leather strap |
| 7. Bronze lion of Nelson's | 22. Fruit of mesembry- |
| column | anthemum |
| 8. Reel of cotton | 23. Wavellite |
| 9. The glass sponge | 24. Beeswax |
| 10. Clavaria fungus | 25. Wooden stool |
| 11. Xenia polyps | 26. Purple sea urchin |
| 12. Coal in metal scuttle | 27. Mushroom coral |
| 13. Star coral | 28. A strularian |
| 14. Virgularia polyps | 29. Metall locomotive wheel |
| 15. Red coral | 30. Wooden horse |

The second prize of £25 has been divided among the following twenty-five competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

E. M. Cave, Uxbridge; A. M. Jones, Crewe; D. E. Rashleigh, Malvern Wells; M. Cave, Uxbridge; M. J. Jones, Crewe; B. L. Robinson, Wimbledon; I. N. Farrar, Edinburgh; A. J. Wilmoth, Wimbledon; I. C. Blathway, Northwood; K. Bell, Sale; M. L. Gould, Worcester; G. A. Anderson, Woldingham; A. T. Kirby, Ipswich; H. Love, King's Lynn; L. A. Faircloth, Winchester; A. Myers, Lincoln; G. J. Waterman, Dulwich; W. Taylor, Edinburgh; M. Redmayne, Clitheroe; W. H. Lilbourn, Lincoln; G. Vaughan, London, S.W. 7; M. Bulman, Wigston Fields; M. Colles, Crawley; A. Mayne, Falmouth; H. Spooner, Wallham Green.

The following 85 competitors made only three errors each, and the three prizes of £10 each, the fifteen prizes of £1 each, and the thirty prizes of 10s. each, have been added together and divided among them.

M. E. Kennedy, Chandler's Ford; B. L. Robinson, Wimbledon; D. A. Thoms, Liverpool; H. Brauer, Middlewick; D. H. Thoms, Liverpool; W. D. Taylor, Edinburgh; M. Randall, Fulham; E. Woodhouse, Clapham; S. Coole, Walsall; D. H. Nicholl, Halifax; P. Wilkinson, Gainsborough; S. C. S. Granger, Nunhead; Miss Denmeade, Paimpton; R. L. Robinson, Wimbledon; J. Bulman, Wigston Fields; E. North, Stoke Newington; E. M. Goodman, Edgbaston; G. Vaughan-Jones, London, S.W. 7; M. A. Smith, Penrith; W. H. Broadberry, Narborough; R. E. Tucker, Greta; W. E. James, Laidon; A. T. Whyte, West Jesmond; M. Merritt, Burscough; R. W. Hayman, Fulham; A. E. Locke, Sydenham; M. Yearsley, London, W. 1; R. B. Lullam, Upper Norwood; Mrs. Denmeade, Torquay; E. Pritchard, Hounslow; R. Lullam, Upper Norwood; J. Thompson, Hull; O. M. Cook, Woodford; R. C. Bisbee, Faldale; M. Leder, Felkstone; N. Gates, Peckham Rye; B. W. Anderson, Woldingham; F. Merritt, Burscough; F. E. Leigh-Sarney, Southborough; M. Reader, Witley; N. Sutcliffe, Harrogate; E. A. Rolfe, Lincoln; P. W. Blake, Thornton Heath; Mrs. Gibson, Chiswick; C. Sugden, Southborough; D. Rowley, Exeter; F. Campbell, Edinburgh; K. Brown, London, N. 7; E. M. Bulman, Wigston Fields; W. H. de Voil, Edinburgh; R. Pritchard, Hounslow; E. Cooper, Stoke Newington; D. Cooper, Stoke Newington; M. Kenward, Uckfield; A. E. Gould, Worcester; W. Heath, Woldingham; B. Vale, Woldingham; M. Keeler, Woldingham; M. Love, King's Lynn; A. Maxwell, Reading; M. Maxwell, Ipswich; M. F. Maxwell, Ipswich; R. E. Nicholson, Hale End; A. E. Lambert, Eastbourne; S. Waterman, Dulwich; C. Kirby, Dulwich; E. A. Cave, Uxbridge; W. E. Thomas, Balham; H. Love, King's Lynn; A. T. Kirby, Ipswich; J. Moore, Felkstone; W. E. Dalby, Ipswich; L. G. Field, Felkstone; J. D. Lyford-Pike, Edinburgh; E. M. Cave, Uxbridge; G. Bell, Sale; Mrs. A. Bell, Sale; A. Bell, Sale; W. G. Ireland, Stamford Hill; A. A. Ireland, Stamford Hill; M. Blackman, Preston; R. Bulman, Wigston Fields; J. Dancy, Chiswick; G. Heeley, Birmingham; E. A. H. Gepp, Torquay.

The sixty prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following 143 competitors, who made four errors each:

W. Taylor, Edinburgh; C. J. Shepherd, Thatcham; M. F. Cole, Bridgwater; K. C. Shaw, Preston; P. Mountford, Paignton; J. Thompson, Jersey; K. Baker, Brighton; M. Gates, Peckham Rye; A. Poole, Thetford; E. Parry, Bristol; W. H. Jackson, Purley; R. L. Robinson, Wimbledon; C. J. Meys, Aldershot; I. Murphy, Fakenham; D. Murphy, Fakenham; P. Bucknill, Blackpool; D. Vost, Woldingham; E. Page, Woldingham; D. Barker, Woldingham; M. Love, King's Lynn; A. Maxwell, Reading; M. F. Maxwell, Ipswich; D. B. Maxwell, Ipswich; E. Chandler, Beverley; J. M. White, Southsea; W. Garfath, ...

Continued in the next column

COLD NIGHTS IN THE ORCHARDS Keeping Back Jack Frost CLEVER IDEA IN CALIFORNIA

California has a wonderful climate for growing all kinds of fruits, but winter frosts are sometimes fatal. The frosts are not severe, but even a slight frost may be fatal to certain trees.

Scientists have now found that generally the air forty feet or so above the ground is often degrees warmer than that below. They therefore conceived the ingenious idea of mixing the lower and upper air, and thus raising the temperature of the whole so that it was above freezing-point and harmless to the orange trees.

For this purpose they erected a huge stand-pipe with a nozzle at the top that could be turned in any direction, and a blower at the bottom capable of 2000 revolutions a minute. The blower was operated by a motor-car engine, and a powerful and continuous stream of the colder air near the ground was kept pouring out of the nozzle.

This mixed with the warm air above, and the theory proved to be right, for the whole of the atmosphere over a five-acre orchard was raised five degrees. The cost of keeping the apparatus working a whole night was only about twelve shillings.

The scientists are now improving on their ingenious idea by seeking some simple and inexpensive way of heating the air artificially as they mix it.

MILLION YARDS OF CONCRETE

Huge Brazilian Reservoirs

While at certain seasons of the year Brazil has a tremendous rainfall, there are also long periods of drought which greatly reduce the fertility of the soil.

The Brazilian Government has, therefore, made arrangements to erect five huge reservoirs for storing the rainfall from the wet season to the dry, and it is estimated that a million cubic yards of concrete will be required to complete the work in contemplation.

Continued from the previous column

Witley; A. G. Waterman, Dulwich; W. E. Thomas, Balham; H. Love, King's Lynn; L. G. Field, Felkstone; J. Moore, Felkstone; A. T. Kirby, Ipswich; W. Bromfield, Felkstone; A. C. Mills, Hereford; I. Brownfield, Felkstone; G. Bromfield, Felkstone; W. E. Dalby, Ipswich; J. Bell, Sale; M. Heeley, Birmingham; S. Bell, Sale; L. Bell, Sale; E. H. Irvine, Liverpool; G. Lovegrove, West Worthing; L. E. Bannister, Barnes; W. M. Andrews, Cotherstone; A. Kirby, New Cross; H. T. Williams, London, N.W. 10; L. H. Copping, Rotherham; H. J. B. Wollaston, Lowestoft; C. C. Steane, Coventry; J. P. Poole, Uckfield; J. C. V. Smith, Penrith; L. Hyde, Stockport; S. Roots, Ilford; M. Blathway, Northwood; G. H. Bates, Edinburgh; V. M. Parry, Bristol; E. H. Adlington, Hammersmith; L. Poole, Thetford; A. D. Pritchard, Hounslow; F. T. Schofield, Glasgow; J. Jones, Boscunbe; O. T. Miller, Fakenham; M. Davidson, London, N.W. 11; S. Pryme, Laling; B. M. Wigglesworth, Newmarket; M. A. Sendell, Wimbledon; D. P. Rolfe, Cheltenham; M. C. Gillett, Banbury; E. Anderson, Coventry; B. Heilwell, Hackenthorpe; E. Stanhope, Leeds; A. Gourdie, Edinburgh; B. Sparkes, London, N.W. 4; J. Dickson, Wigan; A. Gardner, Gt. Missenden; A. Jones, Ventnor; W. H. Cole, Bridgwater; A. Pennington, Northwood; H. M. Dancy, Chiswick; E. B. Dancy, Chiswick; G. W. Barber, Richmond; D. Darling, Ilford; A. E. Locke, Sydenham; H. Love, King's Lynn; S. Robinson, Stretford; A. Harris, Leicester; E. Todhunter, Windermere; F. Wilkinson, Gainsboro; A. Campbell, Edinburgh; E. A. Baker, Brighton; M. Taylor, Edinburgh; R. T. Lullam, Upper Norwood; B. E. Wood, Bexhill; M. Draycott, Wavertree; L. H. Harris, Swindon; M. Steane, Coventry; D. M. Campbell, Edinburgh; M. Hobbins, Liverpool; B. L. Robinson, Wimbledon; P. N. Pook, Torquay; J. Stevenson, Margate; A. Stevenson, Margate; R. F. Hartwell, Barnes; D. Inge, Brock Green; M. Pilling, Glasgow; E. H. Smith, Aspley Guise; L. Gleave, Wallasey; G. O. Donaldson, Hove; B. S. Kyle, Gt. Missenden; B. Lea, Wallington; N. Brown, Glasgow; R. M. Grantham, Dorking; E. L. Bentley, Sheffield; T. V. Campbell, Edinburgh; J. C. Morrison, Edinburgh; A. A. Macnair, Edinburgh; S. Bamber, Burscough; D. E. Campbell, London-derry; J. Watson, Ipswich; W. Hammond, Highgate; J. C. Plunbe, Totley Rise; S. Holmes, Edinburgh; A. M. Penson, London, N.W. 8; A. O'Brien, Mitcham; R. O'Brien, Mitcham; K. Gahan, London, W. 4; N. Gahan, Bedford Park; M. Cameron, Canon Bridge; V. Le Blond, Peckham; J. W. Hoskins, Nunhead; C. Rangerford, Lewisham; E. Abbott, Longham; J. S. Crier, Ipswich; Y. Gislings, Svendborg, Denmark; F. E. Weiss, Dingley; G. Burton, Totnes; G. G. Lipscomb, Richmond; W. Campbell, Edinburgh; G. Barke, Orme, Switzerland; P. Wade, Liverpool; J. Seth-Smith, Hampstead; G. H. Hodson, Whyteleafe.

PUZZLE OF THE CHAFFINCH

Cocks & Hens in Separate Flocks

A PROBLEM OF MIGRATION

By Our Country Correspondent

Male and female chaffinches are now separating and forming separate flocks.

The scientific name of the chaffinch is *coelebs*, which means a bachelor, and the reason for this strange name is found in the fact that in winter, when the birds gather in flocks, the flocks are for the most part composed exclusively of males or females.

This curious practice of the birds has been much studied by naturalists in Great Britain and abroad, but the whole of the facts have not been ascertained. It has been noticed that flocks of males are in winter more frequent in northern countries, and females in the south.

The general opinion, therefore, is that the migration impulse is stronger and earlier in the females than in the males, and that the females not only start earlier but fly farther south than the males.

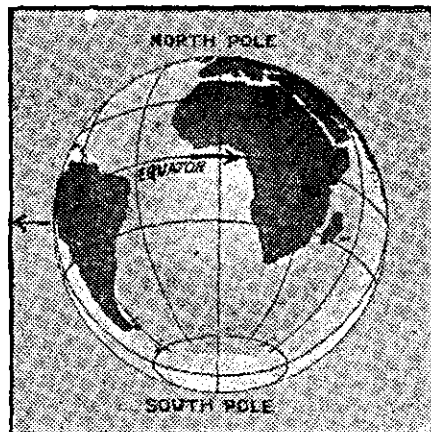
The birds frequent the stubble and ploughed fields, and, though earlier in the year their food consists of insects, at this season, when insects are scarce, the chaffinch attacks seedling corn and turnips.

Flocks of chaffinches have been known in a single day to clear the whole of a three-acre field of the crop that was just appearing above the ground, but, taking it on the whole, it is far more a friend than an enemy. Not only does it devour a great number of insects, but it destroys countless weeds by eating the seeds.

In France they have a proverb "as gay as a chaffinch," and certainly this is a good indication of its character. It is a smart, lively little bird, flitting here, there, and everywhere, and always looking very perky. It is sociable, and attaches itself to houses, and, being a bright and joyful singer, is always welcomed by nature lovers.

On the Continent the chaffinch is even a greater favourite than it is with us, and there are philharmonic societies whose sole object is to give the chaffinch a musical education, or training, and organise vocal combats.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at noon on any day in December as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

CHINA GOING AHEAD

Aerial Mail from Peking

Somehow we always seem to think of China as being a backward country, but now we hear of something that opens our eyes a little.

An aerial mail and passenger service has been established between Peking and Tsinfu. This was started on July 1, and the planes have been running by time-table three times a week. The machines used were built in England, and are at present operated by European pilots; but Chinese students are learning aviation, and will replace them.

CORAL MYSTERIES

THE ISLAND BUILDERS OF THE SEA

A Two-Thousand Year Search for Knowledge

WHAT MEN ONCE BELIEVED

The question of how coral reefs and islands came to be formed is still exercising the minds of scientists, although nearly ninety years ago it was thought that Darwin had solved the problem.

He believed that the coral was built up round sinking islands, but later investigators, like Sir John Murray of the Challenger Expedition, have thought that this building occurred on land that was actually rising out of the sea, and not sinking.

There is a good deal of evidence for both theories, and probably Darwin's theory is right in some cases and Murray's in others.

If Darwin's theory is right there should be a great depth of old coral below the water, but borings generally have not shown this.

The Carnegie Institution of Washington has conducted investigations into the subject recently, all tending to confirm Darwin's theory, but Professor W. H. Hobbs, of Michigan University, is to carry on further researches by extensive boring into old coral formations.

Ideas of Long Ago

Coral is the limy skeleton built up from mineral substances contained in sea water by multitudes of tiny animals called polyps, which are close relations of the sea anemones. The size of the works they construct is amazing, but not more so than the mountain ranges composed entirely of other tiny forms of life.

The whole study of coral affords an amusing example of the extreme folly of which wisdom is occasionally guilty. For 2000 years wise men declared coral to be sea-flowers. As such it figures in all the old learned books. The upholders of this theory were asked to account for the fact that these supposed sea blooms were as hard as rock. "Ah," they said, "the flowers are soft as other flowers when in the water, but they instantly harden into rock on coming in contact with the air."

Hard or Soft?

That was believed for ages, and no one thought to put his hand to a piece of coral growing in the water and prove it for himself; but at last a French fishery expert sent fishermen down into the sea to test if the coral there was hard or soft.

They returned to the surface reporting "hard." He could not believe them, so he stripped, had himself lowered into the water, and to his very great astonishment found that coral at home in the sea is as hard as it is when polished to make a baby's rattle or a necklace.

Two thousand years have at last made this matter clear, but, as Professor Hobbs's expedition shows, the old fascination of mystery has not quite surrendered its hold on the scientific mind, and today the scientist is tapping, probing, and boring again in the waters through which Darwin sailed.

SLIPS TO SAVE SLIPS

The Little Arithmetic Box

A capital little arithmetic box has come into our hands. Engineers and surveyors have their elaborate scale rules for working out difficult calculations and saving hours of reckoning; and now something of the kind, but much simpler, has been devised to help us all in working multiplication and division sums.

In this box are the Wee Arithmetical Calculating Slips sold by Bowman & Murdoch, of 99, Shoe Lane, London. They consist of rows of figures on wooden slips, and by arranging them according to the rules any multiplication or division sum can be rapidly worked out. The box is a shilling—a shillingworth of slips to save slips.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Often Should an Australian Budgerigar Molt in a Year?

Once. The moult in a healthy bird should occur in June or July.

How Many Times a Year Does a Robin Nest?

Generally twice, but we believe that the exceptional summer of 1921 has led in places to three broods from one pair.

What is the Food of Minnows?

Almost any non-poisonous eatable thing in the water—aquatic vegetation, worms, insects, small snails and molluscs, and lesser minnows in time of need.

How Long Does a Spider Live?

The males are generally short-lived; in some species the female gobbles them up. We have records to prove that the females of one species can live at least five years.

How Can a Tortoise Egg be Hatched?

The tortoise lays its egg in sand or mud, and leaves the heat of the sun to do the rest. Where a solitary pet tortoise lays an egg disappointment is almost certain to attend attempts at hatching.

Is 45 Years a Record for a Horse?

No; it is surprising to find that horses have attained an even greater age than this. Careful search reveals a record of 62 years for a horse which must have been the Methuselah of his kind.

Why and How Does a Frog Squeal when Touched?

The squeal is produced by the frog's vocal organs. The cries referred to would be caused by fear, though such displays of voice on the part of the frog are not common.

How Many Stomachs Has a Camel?

The camel has one stomach, but this, as the animal is a ruminant—that is, it chews the cud—is divided into three compartments. Water-storage is provided by unique cells, which retain a reserve of a gallon and a half of fluid.

Could Crocodiles Live in England?

Not at liberty, for the cold of winter would kill them. A temperature of 60 degrees is not fatal immediately, but it is indirectly, for they will not feed if the water in which they bask is much under 85 degrees. In ancient days torrid England had its crocodiles.

What are Cheese Mites?

There are two species, *Tyroglyphus* and *Tyroglyphus* longior, and they belong to a group of 50 species. All undergo remarkable changes between the egg and maturity. They belong to the order Acarina, the lowliest of the Arachnida, of which the spider and scorpion are members.

How Can a Robin be Enticed Near the House to Become Friends?

The robin needs no enticing; he is the one bird that flies to meet us. All we have to do is to respond to his advances. He comes naturally to the house during the autumn and winter. Feed him, and he is a constant friend till next nesting-time.

Do Mussels Eat Small Crabs?

No. Our correspondent found two small crabs in one mussel and one in another. The probability is that the crabs entered the shells, perhaps to eat the soft bodies of their hosts, when the mussels opened to draw in water containing the microscopic substances which are their sole food.

Was the Gorilla Known in Ancient Times?

Yes; it was discovered by the Phoenicians during their voyages along the African coasts 600 years before Jesus was born. Some very interesting facts about these wonderful people and their exploits in carrying the products of one country to another are given in an illustrated article in the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, for December, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

GIANT SUNS THAT REVOLVE IN PAIRS

WHIRLING ROUND AT NINETY MILES A SECOND

Secrets the Spectroscope Revealed

GOAT STAR RUSHING AWAY FROM THE EARTH

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is a beautiful star almost overhead about 10 p.m., and a little to the east of overhead earlier in the evening.

This is Capella, or the Goat star, as it was known to the ancients. It can be easily found, even on the bright, moonlit nights of next week, because it is by far the brightest orb there. If we have any doubt the map below, which shows most of the other chief stars in Auriga, will remove it.

There has been a wonderful series of discoveries concerning Capella during the last few years, and now we know that this resplendent point of light represents a pair of giant suns, each about ten times the width of our own Sun, and therefore between eight and nine million miles in diameter.

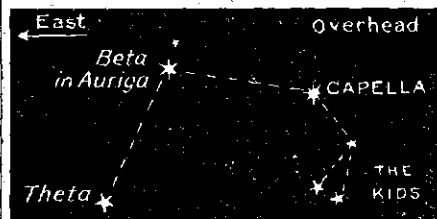
Travelling Faster Than the Earth

Not only is our tiny Earth insignificant beside it, but even our Sun, 1,300,000 times greater, is but a humble and tiny star compared with myriads above us.

These two giant suns of Capella are about 130 million miles apart, and they whirl round, in their orbit in 104 days, at the enormous speed of 90 miles a second—nearly five times as fast as the Earth travels round the Sun.

They are composed of the elements we are familiar with and which compose our world, but in a state of fiery incandescent gas, with a denser and possibly fluid nucleus of heavier metallic elements toward their centres.

All this has been revealed by the spectroscope, which analyses the light. The fact that Capella was a double sun could



Some of the chief stars of Auriga

not be seen with the eye, even in the most powerful telescopes, which merely showed a sort of elongation of the star.

Then last year the wonderful interferometer appliances of the Mount Wilson Observatory were brought to bear on Capella, and it was seen that this sun was double and that what the spectroscope revealed was correct.

So, incidentally, it was also found that the interferometer could be relied on for stellar measurements, and soon after the great star Betelgeuse was measured, followed by Arcturus and others.

Two Million Times as Far as the Sun

Capella's light takes between 30 and 36 years to reach us, the parallax method of measurement indicating 36 years, with no absolute certainty owing to special difficulties; whereas the spectroscopic method indicated about 30 years. It is, therefore, somewhere between the two, or about two million times as far off as our Sun.

Beta in Auriga, the first bright star due east of Capella, is very much farther off. It, also, is composed of a pair of suns, whose light takes a little over a hundred years to get here. They are believed to be very much larger than our Sun and to give nearly two hundred times as much light.

These suns are approaching us, and every minute brings them, on an average, 1050 miles nearer to us; whereas the great suns of Capella are 910 miles farther off every minute. So we may anticipate that some thousands of years hence Beta in Auriga will take the place of Capella in being the brightest orb in Auriga.

G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds
of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 30

Finding a Way

"YES," said Dicky slowly; "it doesn't look exactly cheerful." Then his lips tightened. "Whatever happens, I'm not going back, Tom; and Janion isn't going to have this bag."

"Of course not!" replied Tom quietly. "All the same, we can't stay here. We've only got four sandwiches, and those won't keep us very long."

"But I don't suppose Janion has any," replied Dicky.

"Not likely he has," agreed Tom; "but then he can slip out and get food."

"But if he does we can go, too," said Dicky quickly.

"Yes; but how are we to tell whether he has gone or not? Of course, he would pretend to leave, and then we should find him waiting for us round the next corner."

Dicky's face fell, for he knew that his practical-minded chum was right. However long they waited there was no saying that Janion would not be watching for them.

Dicky turned and looked along the big passage at the head of which they stood.

"What about trying that?" he suggested. "As you said yourself, Tom, the cliffs are riddled with holes and caves, and there are other openings. There's the big show cave on the Tranton Road. We might find our way down into that."

"We might," said Tom, rather grimly. "On the other hand, we might not. Suppose we lose ourselves in these horrible passages, we might wander round till our candles gave out and we starved."

Dicky shuddered, for the prospect was not a pleasant one. But he refused to abandon his idea.

"We've got to try something," he urged, "and it's no use staying here. It isn't as if anyone knew where we were, or would come to look for us."

Tom considered for a few moments, then nodded.

"That's true, Dicky. Yes, I suppose there's nothing for it but to have a shot for another way out. But we shall have to mark our way somehow, so that if we do get hung up we can get back here. It'll be bad enough to face Janion, but even that would be better than starving in the dark. How many candles have we got?"

They laid out their store. There were two whole candles and two ends, also Tom's electric torch. But the torch was already dimming a little, and the battery could not be expected to last much more than half an hour.

"Switch it off," said Dicky. "I'll light a candle. Luckily we have heaps of matches." He lighted a candle, and Tom switched the torch off and put it in his pocket.

"How are we going to mark our way?" questioned Dicky. "I've heard of people using a reel of thread, but we haven't got one."

"Don't worry. I know a dodge," answered Tom. "You simply make a mark with candle smoke on the wall each time you make a turn."

"That sounds good," said Dicky. "All right. Let's go ahead."

Before they started Tom looked back into the crack. But there was no sign of Janion, nor could he see his light.

"He must have gone back into the main cave," he said, in a low voice. "Come on, then, Dicky."

The two started along the passage. It was broad and lofty, and though the floor was rough there was no real difficulty in walking. They noticed that all the way it sloped downward. In places the slope was quite steep, and once or twice they had to scramble

carefully down over sharp ledges. So they went on for about two hundred yards, then quite suddenly the passage ended in a large cavern.

CHAPTER 31

The Rift

HERE the two pulled up and stared about them.

The feeble light of their one candle was lost in an immensity of gloom. All it showed was a portion of the roof that came down within a few feet of their heads and which was hung with large and beautiful stalactites.

At any other time the two boys would have been greatly interested in the beauties and wonders of this cave, but now they were much too anxious to give them more than a casual glance.

"We must walk round the edge and look for a way out," said Dicky.

"Wait!" said Tom. "We haven't marked it yet."

Taking the candle, he made a black line on the rock at the angle of the passage mouth. "Now we ought to be able to find it again," he remarked, and the two started off once more.

If the passage above had been easy the cave made up for it. The going was terribly bad. The floor looked as if a giant had broken up a lot of boulders, flung them in a heap, raked them over roughly, then frozen them all together. It was full of cracks and crevices, some shallow, some very deep.

What made matters worse was that in many places the stalagmite deposit lay thick on the rock surface, making it smooth as glass, and very difficult to stand on.

They went on and on, keeping in sight of the wall, until suddenly Tom, who was leading, pulled up so short that Dicky bumped into him.

"Be careful!" said Tom sharply, and flung himself down.

"What's the matter?" began Dicky, then stopped with a gasp. For the light of Tom's candle showed that, in front of them, the way was barred by a tremendous rift. It was only about six feet wide, but peering down into it Dicky could see no bottom.

"That's a nice sort of thing to run up against," he said in disgust. "How are we going to get across?"

"Blessed if I know," responded Tom; and, picking up a lump of loose stuff, he pitched it over into the rift. There was a pause of quite three or four seconds before, from the darksome depths below, there came a faint "plunk."

"Phew, it must be at least a hundred feet deep!" exclaimed Dicky.

"All of that," replied Tom. "We must find a way round."

The crack ran right up to the right-hand wall of the cave, so they started away to the left. The cave was enormously wide—about two hundred yards, they reckoned—and when they reached the opposite wall there was the crack, only at this side it was rather wider.

The two looked at one another in dismay.

"What are we going to do?" asked Dicky.

"Jump it," replied Tom stolidly. Dicky shivered.

"It's all right," said Tom reassuringly. "It's only because it's so deep that one jibs at it. You or I can easily jump ten feet, and it's not more than six or seven."

"But it's so dark," objected Dicky, "and the take-off is so bad."

"Well, it's that or go back and face Janion," replied Tom.

"We won't do that," said Dicky firmly, yet at the same time his whole soul revolted at the idea of trying to leap this awful chasm.

"Tell you what," said Tom, in

his practical way, "we'll light two candles, and you hold them while I jump. Then when I'm across I'll hold them for you."

Dicky clenched his teeth. "I'll go first," he said.

Tom glanced at him. "Just as you like," he said.

"Here's the best place. I spotted it as we came along."

He walked quickly back for about fifty yards, and stopped.

"Here we are," he said, as he stuck his candle on a rock, and lighted a second one. "You can get a bit of a run, and it's lower the far side than it is this. Take it easy, Dicky. It's really as simple as pie."

Dicky said nothing, but Tom saw his face set and white in the candle-light.

"Wait a jiffy," said Tom, and, suddenly making a little run, he jumped and landed on the far side with a foot or more to spare. "Now chuck the candles over," he said coolly.

Dicky did so, and Tom fixed one on a rock, and held the other. Dicky still said nothing, but stepped back, took his run, and jumped with all his might, and he, too, landed safely on the far side.

"Good for you, old chap!" said Tom warmly.

"I'm nothing but a coward, Tom," Dicky said bitterly.

Tom laughed.

"My dear chap, there's no harm in being afraid of a thing as long as you do it. The truth is, you're much braver, for it didn't scare me a bit, and it did scare you."

As if in reward for their effort, the two found themselves quite close to the far wall of the cave, and almost directly in front of them discovered a good big opening. Going through it, they were again in a good-sized passage leading downhill, and as steeply downward as the other.

"Must have been a lot of water through here at one time," said Dicky.

"Water!" exclaimed Tom. "I thought it was volcanoes that made caves."

"Not this sort. This rock is limestone, and it was water that dug out all these holes and passages. That's why they all seem to run downhill."

"We must be pretty near ground level now, I should think," said Tom gravely.

"I dare say we are," agreed Dicky, "but one can't say. I only wish we were on it."

Tom pulled up short.

"I do believe we're getting there," he exclaimed eagerly. "Look at that! It's daylight!"

Both pulled up and stared.

Sure enough a path of light struck down into the gallery a little way ahead.

Tom blew out the candle, and they hurried forward. Next moment they were both standing in a patch of real daylight. But what a disappointment! It came from an opening in the right-hand wall of the passage, but the recess was so high overhead and so tremendously deep that they could not see out.

CHAPTER 32

Curtain Cave

"Bit of a sell!" said Tom grimly. "Horrid!" returned Dicky. "Still, it seems to show we're going in the right direction. I expect that opening is in the side of the gorge."

Tom nodded.

"Very likely it is, but it's no use to us. Let's go ahead."

Regretfully they lit their candle again, and pushed on down the passage. This got bigger and bigger, till presently they could only see one wall, and realised that they had reached another cave, and this was even larger than the other two they had traversed.

It was so lofty that their candle-light did not reach the roof, and by the way in which the echoes whispered away into the distance they were sure its width matched its height.

But this cave was not as silent as the last. From somewhere came a gurgle and tinkle of running water.

"An underground river," said Dicky eagerly. "If we can only follow it perhaps we may find a way out."

"There is a brook that runs through the big show cave in the gorge," added Tom quickly. "The one they call Cripp's Cavern."

"Then this is it, depend on it. Come on. Let's have a look."

All eagerness, they hurried forward, only to be brought up suddenly opposite the most astonishing sheet of spa rock. It looked like a monstrous curtain hanging from the roof in massive folds. But the wonderful thing about it was its colour. The candle-light struck from it the most exquisite tints—pink and rose shading into delicate creams and yellows.

"How absolutely topping!" exclaimed Dicky.

"Yes, but it's right in our way," returned Tom. "We must get round it."

This they did without much trouble, and after hard scrambling reached the edge of the stream. This brimmed in a shallow channel, clear as crystal, and the first thing they both did was to drop down and have a good drink. The water was cold as if iced, and delicious.

The next thing was to follow the stream down. But here disappointment awaited them, for before it reached the wall of the huge cavern through which it ran the stream dropped down through a small shaft in a beautiful little fall.

Dicky lay flat on his face and looked down.

"It doesn't fall far," he said.

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "I should hate to go down there," he said. "You might lose your footing and land up in some big pool. Besides, a candle would never burn in all that spray. We must find some other way out."

Dicky agreed, and they started off to make a circuit of the whole cavern. It took a long time, for the place was at least a third of a mile round.

At last Dicky started forward.

"Here's a passage!" he cried.

Tom came up quickly. He stared at the wide opening. Then stepping across to the opposite wall he pointed to a black smudge on a lump of white stalactite.

"It's the same one we came in by," he said quietly. "Here's our smoke mark."

Dicky stared at his chum in utter dismay. The shock of the discovery was so great that he could find no words to express his feelings in.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Explosion

"THERE'S no one in the library!" said Kitty eagerly; "and such a lovely fire. Quick, Ernie!"

Tiptoeing, the children crept into the room. After all they would be able to roast their chestnuts beautifully here. Ernie got the shovel, and slipped six of the biggest chestnuts into the heart of the hottest glow—a nice red-hot corner where the chestnuts would be done to a turn. Kitty and Ernie clasped their hands round their knees, and sat watching them.

"I say," said Ernie, "we were duffers. We forgot to prick them. Shall—"

The door opened and Mother came in with Aunt Lucy.

How quickly the children scrambled to their feet! Aunt Lucy was one of those proper aunts who expect nephews and nieces always to be on best behaviour.

"You ought to be in the schoolroom, chicks," said Mother. "Run away, now."

Ernie and Kitty were only too ready to escape. But Aunt Lucy had something to say first.

"I was wondering," she remarked, "if either of you would like a parrot. I have—"

Bang!

It was an awful explosion. Even Mother gave a little scream of alarm. Aunt Lucy flung up her hands as if she had been shot.

Bang! bang! bang!—one after the other.

Aunt Lucy shrieked and fell into a chair in a state of collapse.

"Run for some water, Ernie!" cried Mother. "Oh dear! Oh dear! What could it have been?"

Ernie rushed for the water, and in his alarm poured half a jug over his poor aunt as she was beginning to revive.

"Bang!" It was the last one.

Kitty clasped her hands.

"Oh, oh!" she gasped. "It—it's only the chestnuts."

It was Mother who understood just as she spied the broken pieces of chestnut and shell that lay scattered over the hearth.

As soon as ever Aunt Lucy had been dried, and soothed, and restored by a cup of tea, she sent for the guilty pair and gave them a long lecture. Mother couldn't wait to hear it all, as she had to go and dress for the theatre to which she and Dad were going. So Aunt Lucy had what she called a good opportunity. Ernie almost wished there were other chestnuts in the cinders to explode again!

At last Aunt Lucy rose to go. "As my new hat is spoiled by all that water, Ernest," she said, "I shall be obliged to spend the Christmas boxes I intended to give you and Kathleen on a new one. As to the parrot, I shall reward my gardener's son with the gift. It's a fine bird. Good-bye, dears. I hope you will remember all I have said."

Judging by the long faces of her nephew and niece, Aunt Lucy might be sure they were never again likely to forget to prick chestnuts before roasting them!



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The Happy Hours Glide Quickly By



DI MERRYMAN

HE was new to the church and he was conceited.

"I have been addressing a congregation of asses," he said to an old college chum, after preaching his first sermon.

"And you began 'Dear brethren,'" returned his friend.

A Ship and Its Boiler

A SHIP is twice as old as the boiler was when the ship was as old as the boiler is. When the boiler is as old as the ship is now their united ages will be 56. How old is the ship?

Solution next week

What a Neck!

THERE once was a stiff-necked giraffe

Whose throat was bound up with a staff;

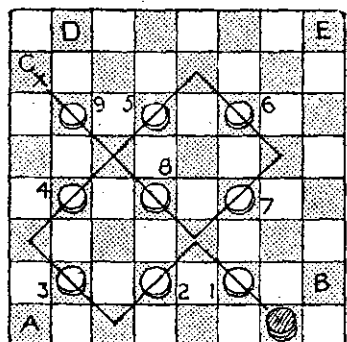
But he said, 'twixt his cries,

"If their necks were my size
They wouldn't just stand there and laugh."

Nine at a Leap

DO you know how to take nine draughtsmen at a single leap?

The picture shows how the pieces are arranged, and also the king who is to make the record capture. Following the line in the order in-



icated it is possible to take the nine men and finish in the square X.

It is also possible to take nine pieces by starting from either of the squares marked A, B, C, D, and E., although, of course, the men would not be in the same positions in every case.

Do You Live in Worthing?

THIS was originally spelt Worthyn, and it means an enclosed farm. No doubt the site of this town was, centuries ago, occupied by a farm.

WHY should a doctor keep his temper?

Because he will lose his patience (patients) if he does not.



Escapades of Johnny Crook

BOBBY BEAR was riding round inside his fine new car; He ran right over Johnny's tail And cried out, "There you are. Your tail was just a foot too long. I'll call in Dr. Crow." The doctor bound up Johnny's tail With yards of calico.

Transposition
CHANGE the head of a coin
And its worth is double,
While merely to add one
Would give you some trouble.

Solution next week

A Foolish Man



THE man who when his house caught fire
Began to dig for water,
Did not display the sort of brain
A really wise man oughter!

Very Dark

"How foolish some of our sayings are," said a young man to his elderly friend. "Now, take, for example, 'As black as a hat'; hats are made in all colours."

"Quite so," replied his friend; "but I should define it 'darkness that may be felt.'"

WHAT are the three degrees of getting on in the world?
Get on, get honour, get honest.

Mildred's and Mary's Nature Notes

The Slug

HE'S like a dab of putty—
A sort of dullish grey.
About his life and habits
We haven't much to say.
With microscopic searching
We found his head indeed,
But whereabouts his nose is
We are not yet agreed.
We've millions in our garden;
And many times at night
I'd hunt out half a tin-ful
While Mary held a light.
But now we dare not touch one
Because one day, alack!
Our little cousin Bernard
Dropped two down Mary's back!

WHICH is the coldest river?
The Isis (Ice is).

What Am I?

I'm round and solid, soft and light;
Pray hurl me down with all your might.

You'll find that I ne'er break that way;

But tear me and I've had my day.

Solution next week

A Stranger in London

A FARM lad accompanied his master on a business visit to London. The business finished, the farmer told the lad how to reach the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, and said they must meet there at six o'clock for their return.

It was nearly seven o'clock before the boy arrived; and the farmer, angry at being kept waiting, asked what had happened.

"I forgot how to reach the place, sir," replied the lad.

"Why didn't you ask somebody to show you the way, then?" demanded the angry farmer.

"I didn't see anybody I knew," was the innocent reply.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES
The Broken Type
The proverb was: Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Arithmetical Puzzle
XIX. Take I away and XX remains
Transposition Foal, loaf

Who Was He?
The Hero of Many Lands was Kosciusko

Mother Jacko Wakes Up in the Night

THE family woke up the next morning in excellent spirits.

Father Jacko was so delighted at being in a real house once more that he got up first and lit the fire and put the water on to boil before anyone else was awake. He had never been known to do such a thing before, and the sight of him pottering about in the kitchen at that time of the morning gave his wife quite a shock.

"Morning, my dear!" he said, as he caught sight of her.

"Not a bad little place, is it?"

"Bad!" echoed Mother Jacko. "It's too good to be true. But I can't help feeling, Benjamin, that we oughtn't to be here."

"Nonsense!" said Father Jacko. "We aren't doing any harm. The house was empty, and it won't be for long—no such luck," he added under his breath.

"Well! Well!" said Mother Jacko, tying on her apron as she went across to the larder. "I wonder what there is for breakfast. There ought to be some cold sausages."

"There ought—but there aren't," cried Jacko, bursting into the room with Baby pick-a-back behind him. "I finished 'em last night."

His mother stared at him. "Oh, Jacko!" she cried. "Not after all that pie and two apple turnovers?"



They searched the house from top to bottom.

Jacko nodded. "Don't worry, Mater," he said. "I'll soon fetch some more."

"But you can't go out," objected his mother. "Somebody will see you."

"No fear!" replied Jacko. "I'll get out through a back window, and nip across the yard."

And away he went. He came back in half an hour, his pockets bulging with parcels, including a new toy for Baby.

"Keep him quiet when he squalls," he said. "If he howls he'll give us away," he added, turning on the poor mite.

Jacko looked so fierce when he said it that the poor child immediately opened his mouth and began to scream. Whereupon Jacko dashed the new toy—luckily it was a woolly one—into his mouth, and the noise abruptly ceased.

His mother shouted at him and rescued the baby, and after that there was peace.

Peace reigned all that day, and it was a very happy and contented little family that retired at last to bed.

Jacko fell asleep the moment his head was on his pillow, and he was amazed to wake up not long after to find his mother bending over him with a lighted candle in her hand.

"There's someone in the house," she said, in a scared whisper. "You've not been playing any tricks, have you?"

Jacko had not. Father insisted that Mother had been dreaming. But they didn't convince her, and before she would go back to bed they had to search the house from top to bottom.

They found nothing, and at last Mother had to do her best to believe that she had been mistaken.

But she didn't sleep a wink that night, and the next morning she made them all laugh by declaring that the house was haunted.

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: He That Entereth

1. En vérité, en vérité, je vous le dis, celui qui n'entre pas par la porte dans la bergerie, mais qui y monte par ailleurs, est un voleur et un brigand.

2. Mais celui qui entre par la porte est le berger des brebis.

3. Le portier lui ouvre, et les brebis entendent sa voix; il appelle par leur nom les brebis qui lui appartiennent, et il les conduit dehors.

4. Lorsqu'il a fait sortir toutes ses propres brebis, il marche devant elles; et les brebis le suivent, parce qu'elles connaissent sa voix.

Saint John 10

Notes and Queries

What is a Serrature? A notching, like that between the teeth of a saw.

Which is the Puritan City? This is a name often given to Boston in America.

Who was La Pucelle? Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans. The word is French, and means maiden.

What was the Sword of Damocles? Damocles, a courtier of Syracuse, flattered the ruler, Dionysius, who thereupon invited him to mount the throne. Damocles did so, but suddenly looking up saw a sword suspended over him by a single hair, and begged to be released.

Tales Before Bedtime

Betty

IT was no use for Betty to say she hated practising, she had to do it whether she liked it or not.

It was bad enough at home, but when she went to stay with Grandmamma, and found that the hated lessons were to go on just the same, she thought it was a great shame.

She told Grannie so, but Grannie only patted her hand and said: "My dear, life is full of things we hate, but they have to be done."

Betty didn't believe that.

"I shan't do what I don't like when I'm grown up," she declared.

"Oh, ho!" said Grannie. "Don't run away with that idea. You'll have to take your share of tiresome things, like everyone else. And sometimes they'll bring their own reward. I shouldn't be surprised if the piano hasn't some little reward of its own tucked away," she added, twinkling.

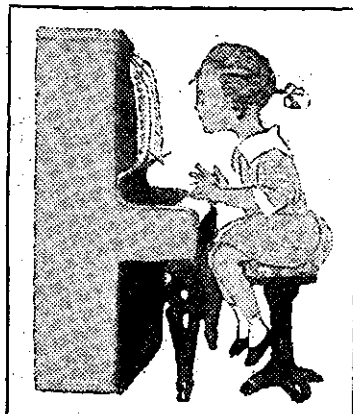
Betty pouted, and went off to fetch her ball. She had no idea what Grannie meant, and she didn't trouble to think.

A very naughty idea had come into her head. She wouldn't play any more old scales till she went home again. She would just play her pieces. Grannie wouldn't know, and there would be no one to scold.

When she had settled that, something else occurred to her. Why practise at all? Practise-time was Grannie's shopping-time; she'd never know.

And so for four days Betty never opened the piano at all. Grannie asked no questions. She was just the same kind, loving Grannie as ever, and at last Betty's conscience began to worry her.

She went slowly into the



Betty hated practising

drawing-room and opened the piano. What ever were those four little packets lying on the keys?

Four little packets of sweets. Betty knew at once what they meant. Four little rewards for tasks not done.

Betty had never felt so mean in her life. But she made up for it. She sat down and practised for two whole hours that morning, and then she jumped up and ran and flung her arms round Grannie's neck.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE QUEST IN THE ATLANTIC • AIRMAN'S LIGHTHOUSE • DOG ANGLER



Princess Mary as a V.A.D. Nurse



Viscount Lascelles, D.S.O., who is to marry Princess Mary

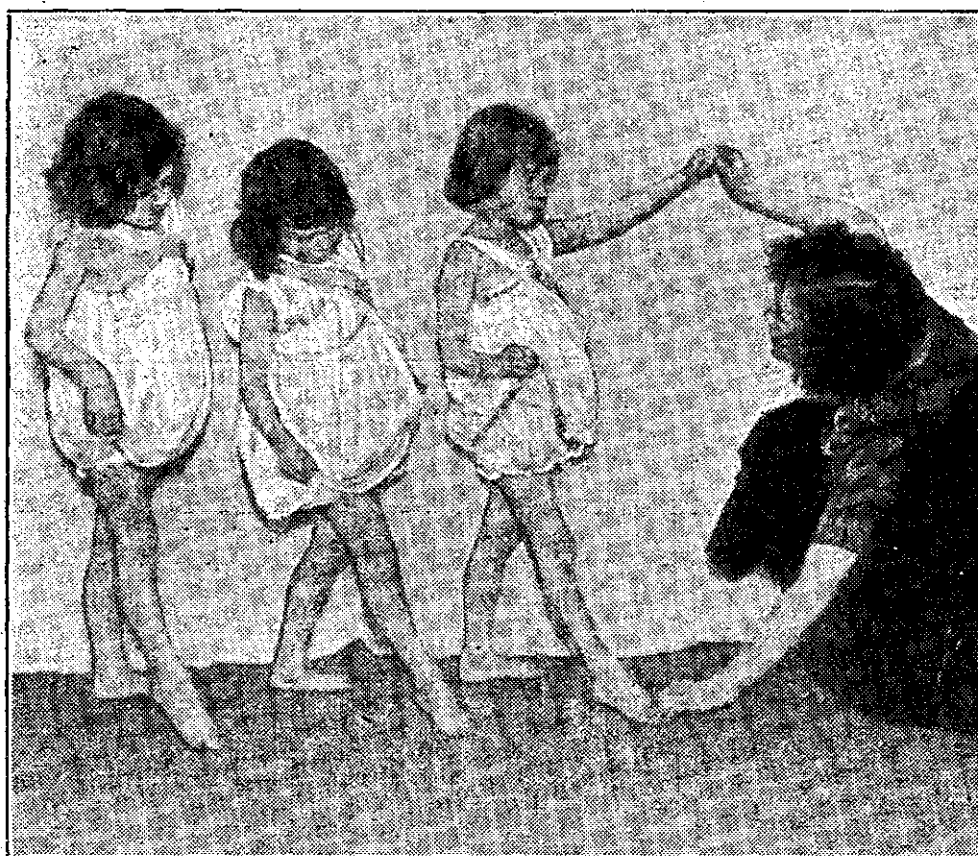


The Princess as a Girl Guide

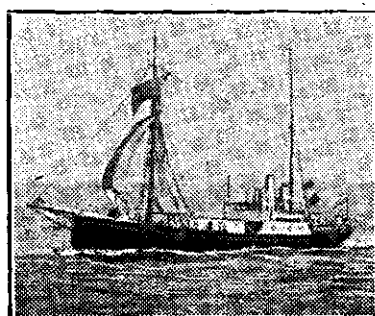
Much satisfaction has been caused throughout the Empire at the news that Princess Mary, the only daughter of the King and Queen, is to marry a British subject



The Goose-Step in Liverpool—An amusing scene is witnessed daily in the streets of Liverpool, where this goose follows his mistress, a milk-seller, about the streets



The Fairies Learn to Dance—These dainty little maidens, looking more like fairies than children of flesh and blood, are learning their first steps in dancing for the Christmas pantomimes at Miss Clover Lea's dancing school in London. Their graceful pose shows that they are apt pupils, and they thoroughly enjoy their lessons



The Quest at Sea—Shackleton's ship, damaged in the Atlantic, is now undergoing repairs at Rio de Janeiro



Million Candle-Power Light for Airmen—This huge lantern is to be set up on Mount Africa, near Dijon, and will show a light to airmen for 200 miles round. See page 8



Camel Transport for a Railway—To carry the materials for the construction of the great North to South Railway across Australia, which is now being built, camels are being used, as shown here. They form the only available transport for the great desert regions



An Expert Angler on the Thames—This crossbred Eskimo-Chow dog, Nanette, which lives at Sunbury, is an expert angler, and is often seen standing in the weir waiting for a bite. She has caught many fish, her largest prize being a three-and-a-quarter-pound barbel